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THE COMMODORE'S CUP.

BY WILLIAM B. M'CORMICK.

LON MARSHALL stood in the post-office, staring wistfully at the notice, tacked up on the bulletin-board, of the forthcoming annual regatta of the Squam Yacht Club. The particular thing that caught his eye was the second money prize of fifteen dollars for sailing-dories, offered by the commodore. There were other prizes, of course: the much-coveted silver cup, called "the Commodore's Cup," for knockabouts, pennants for the raceabouts and half-raters, and a first money prize of twenty-five dollars for the fishermen's sloops.

But the one he stared at so longingly was that second prize. For he felt certain that the *Wanderer*, his sailing-dory, could beat anything in the Cove or up Squam River. The trouble was to get the entrance fee of two dollars. The commodore was a very generous man, as every one in Squam knew; but he believed that it was only fair that the local fishermen should pay to enter the race. Two dollars, however, stood between Lon and the prize.

He shifted his crutch and was about to stump away on it and his one leg, when a familiar voice called out cheerily, "Good-morning, Lon! What's the trouble now?"

It was Commodore Black who spoke to him, and at the sound Lon whipped around and said quickly: "Good-morning, sir! I

was trying to think of some way to make two dollars."

"Two dollars," echoed his companion. "What for? Want to see the circus?"

"No, sir," Lon replied emphatically. "I want a chance to win that dory prize, that's all."

"Is n't lobstering paying this season, Lon?"

"Pretty well, sir; but Alice and Dan have been sick, and it takes all that mother and I can make to pay the doctor's bills and keep them comfortable. That fifteen dollars would come in mighty handy now."

"Hum!" ejaculated the commodore. Then Lon turned away and walked up the road. He was cudgeling his brains to think up some plan whereby he might raise the much-desired two dollars. He had enough lobsters in the "car" down at the dock to be worth that, if the cottagers would only buy them. But on his rounds that morning very few seemed to want lobsters at all.

Lon Marshall was fifteen years old, and the loss of his right leg had occurred two years before, through his being thrown from a trolley-car. That happened the winter his father died; and as soon as Lon was able to get about on the rough crutch he had made himself, he worked as hard as he could helping his mother in keeping a home for Alice and Dan.

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His father had left him a fast sailing-dory, and, however much Lon was hampered on land by the loss of his leg, he was as good as the next one on board a boat. The villagers took a pride in his ability as a boat-sailor; and the cottagers liked him for his cheerfulness and the way he worked. But both as a lobsterman and as a boat-sailor he had one very active rival. This was Bob Richards, the postmaster's son.

Lon and his mother discussed the situation while they were eating dinner, and Mrs. Marshall suggested that he should make another tour of the hotels and cottages that afternoon and remind the people that the morrow was "Squam Day," and more lobsters would be needed to feed the crowd of visitors attracted by the boat-races. Lon started out as soon as dinner was over, but before he had reached the first cottage, Mrs. Black, the commodore's wife, called to him from her phaëton.

"Oh, Lon," she cried, as she reined in her horse, "have you any lobsters on hand?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Lon. And, to his wonder and delight, she ordered ten from him, to be delivered at once. Then she paid him the amount of his "bill," which was three dollars and a half. Lon went back to the cottage with as near to a run as his one leg would allow.

"Mother," he cried, as he burst into the kitchen, "I've got it!" And he threw the money down on the table.

"So you have, my boy. But do you really think you ought to go into that race? Is n't it a kind of gambling?"

Lon brushed his doubts aside by saying he guessed "if it were gambling Commodore Black would n't put the prize up." Mrs. Marshall had no argument to advance against that statement, for in Squam everything the commodore did was considered just right.

Lon took the two dollars, went down to the club-house, and entered his dory for the race.

"Hope you'll win, Lon," said the steward as he wrote, "Alonzo Marshall, *Wanderer*. Paid." on the list of entries. "You want to look out for Bob Richards, though. That 'ere dory of his is right smart."

"Oh, I think I can beat him, Jim, unless he outwits me with some surprise. He's a good sailor, but I'm not afraid of Bob or the *Arrow*."

The race was set for the next day, the start being at ten o'clock. But, race or no race, Lon had to go out in the bay to overhaul his lobster-pots and take up his night's catch. So he left home before daybreak the next morning, rowed out to the "Ledge," and after taking up one set of pots baited and dropped the second set overboard.

Before seven o'clock he had transferred his catch to the "car" in which he kept them, and then started to haul the *Wanderer* up on the beach to give the bottom a scrubbing off. When he had finished this and had overhauled the rigging of his spritsail and jib, it was time to make his way out to the starting-point off the lighthouse.

It was a beautiful morning, with just the kind of a breeze Lon liked. It was coming out of the southwest in heavy puffs that were dangerous to a craft not sailed by skilled hands. Lon liked it, not because he was fearless, but because he knew just how hard a blow the *Wanderer* would stand. And as he knew Bob Richards was nervous on the water, he counted more than ever for this reason on being able to beat him. He knew that when the heavy puffs came tearing across the bay, whipping it into foam, Bob would throw the *Arrow* up in the wind, thus losing headway. Meanwhile the *Wanderer* would be keeping steadily on her way, even if Lon had to climb out to windward to do it. That was a part of sailing a race.

As Lon ran out to the starting-point where the commodore's schooner lay at anchor, he was startled at catching sight of Marion Darcy, the commodore's niece, out sailing alone in a cranky little rowboat of her own. It had been converted into a sail-boat by the addition of a centerboard and a spritsail that was much too big for it, Lon thought. But Marion had been brought up around the water, was thoroughly at home in boats, and could swim; and her uncle allowed her to do pretty much as she pleased with her boat. Her greatest danger, Lon knew, lay in her fearlessness and ignorance of the faults of her cranky craft.

When the boy first caught sight of her, she was sailing to leeward, running before the wind as Lon was. And, as usually happens with a cranky craft, Marion's boat was yawing badly,



"HE HEADED THE WANDERER FOR THE DISABLED BOAT AND STRUGGLING GIRL." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and threatening to roll the boom under. He ran off to leeward of her and then hailed her:

"Oh, Miss Marion, don't you think you are carrying too much sail? It's blowing pretty fresh to-day. It's coming harder every minute."

"Too much sail?" she shouted back across the water; "not for me. I could n't go to windward without the sprit up. If you don't look out I'll beat you to the start."

This was a joke, for Lon was gradually drawing away from her. As he neared the starting-point the thought came into his head to run alongside the schooner and speak to the commodore of the danger Marion was in. But just then the warning-gun for his class sounded, and he went about, hoisted the jib, and began "jockeying" for a good position with the four other dories that were entered for the race.

The *Wanderer* stood away from the line for as near two minutes as Lon could count. Then he went about and ran down to the starting-line, with Bob Richards following his every move. The other three dories were having a battle between themselves on the opposite tack, for their owners realized that they were bound to take third place between them if Lon and Bob stayed in the race. Much to Lon's disgust, as he neared the line he saw he was ahead of time, and he had to jibe over and make a tack away from it. Bob just caught the gun-fire at the proper time, which gave him the advantage at the start.

The course was a triangular one, three miles to a leg. On the first and second legs Bob managed to keep ahead of Lon's boat; but on the third one, as the puffs were growing stronger with every blast, he began to lose his courage and let his sheet run every few minutes as the squalls struck his boat and knocked it down.

This was Lon's opportunity, and skilfully did he take advantage of it. Before they were half-way home on the last leg, the *Wanderer* was several lengths ahead of Bob's boat, and going like a steamer. Lon was soaked through with the spray.

Suddenly he again caught sight of Marion Darcy, who was coming out to meet the racing dories. She was to windward of the *Wanderer* when Lon saw her, and it made his heart jump

to see the way her cranky rowboat was "lying down" under the big sail. Although it was as much as he could do to hold the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, he took a turn of the sheet around the tiller for a moment, and with the hand left free waved to her to go back.

Whether she understood him or not, he did not know; but to his horror he saw her put the tiller up and start to run across the stern of his dory, with the sail of her boat broad off. Then just what he had feared happened. The boom rolled into the water, and as Marion jammed the tiller down to swing up into the wind, a vicious puff came tearing across the bay, caught the water-logged sail, and upset the boat, throwing Marion down into the sail.

Without a moment's hesitation, Lon jibed over and ran to where the girl was struggling to free herself from the sail and the sheet. He could see Bob Richards was keeping on his course, and he realized he had thrown away the race. But he never faltered for a moment. He knew Marion could swim, but he was afraid she would become tangled up in the sail. In that lay her danger.

True as the direction of the wind, he headed the *Wanderer* for the disabled boat and struggling girl. As soon as he came within hearing-distance he yelled, "Grab the boat!" and "Keep still!" and presently he had rounded the *Wanderer* up alongside of Marion's boat, from which it was comparatively easy to drag her into his dory. Then, while she laughed and talked excitedly, he made her sit down in the bottom of his boat, threw his oilskin coat around her shoulders, and after dropping his jib, proceeded to clear the mast and sail away from the overturned craft preparatory to towing it into the harbor.

Meanwhile the launch from the commodore's schooner had been tearing out to the scene of the accident. By the time Lon had Marion's boat ready, the launch was up with them, Commodore Black standing at the wheel in the bow. Just then, across the water came the sound of the gun announcing the finish. In the midst of the commodore's heartfelt expression of thanks, all Lon was thinking of was the fact that he had lost the prize. He refused to accept the offered tow, and beat back into the

Cove alone. He had to tell his mother of his failure to win the fifteen dollars.

It was the custom of the Yacht Club to end the day with a fireworks show, a supper, and the presentation of the prizes, and every one in

himself up in one of the windows at the back of the room with the other village boys.

Standing on the platform by the table, the handsome old commodore gave out the prizes, to the accompaniment of applause from the crowd in the parlor and out on the piazza. Lon felt a pang of jealousy toward Bob Richards when he saw him walk up the aisle to receive the little purse that contained three shining five-dollar gold pieces. Then the audience started to move out of the room, but the commodore raised his hand and asked every one to wait a moment.

He lifted from the table a red flannel bag, from which he drew another silver cup. Old yachtsmen and those near the table recognized at once the cup which the commodore's son (who had fallen in the Spanish War) had won in a hotly contested race nine years before.

"I have one more prize to present," he said. "It is an impromptu one, just as was the act it is to honor. This afternoon, most of us assembled here saw a boy do a very brave thing: he deliberately threw away a race he was about to

win in order to save a human life. You all know whom and what I mean—I refer to Alonzo Marshall, and his rescue of my niece." The commodore had to stop a moment until the clapping of hands and stamping of feet ceased. "In giving this cup, that was the prize of one brave



"THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE IT FOR YOU, LON." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the village attended the jollification. Although he had no share in the distribution of prizes, Lon stumped down to the club-house at eight o'clock. He was too whole-souled a boy to let his defeat interfere with the night's pleasure. The big parlor was crowded, and he had to perch

boy, to another brave boy, I feel that I am honoring both." Then he called out, "Come up here, Lon," and the red-faced lad was pushed lovingly by every hand that could reach him up through the narrow aisle to the platform.

As Lon took the cup, the kindly giver leaned down and whispered, "There's something in-

side it for you, Lon." And while the crowd cheered and clapped and stamped their feet until the walls echoed again, Lon stumped away to show his prize to his mother. At the first electric light he stopped long enough to see what the "something inside" was; and his astonished gaze fell on a check for fifty dollars.



THE BEDTIME PICTURE-BOOK.

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

VII. HOW PINKEY SETTLED AN OLD SCORE.



OR weeks Pinkey Perkins and his side-partner, Bunny Morris, had been waiting for a big frost, so they could go nutting. They had already gathered a few walnuts, which indelible fact was proudly evidenced in school by the prodigal display of hands covered with stains that "would n't come off till they wore off."

But the real excursion was to take place when they rode "Old Polly," the Perkinses' family mare, took their lunch, and stayed all day. Old Polly would carry single, double, quadruple, or sextuple, all depending on the ability of her passengers to remain aboard. The two boys were to ride her and also to carry home with them what nuts they might succeed in gathering.

Finally, one Saturday morning early in October, Pinkey awoke to find the ground covered with heavy white frost, and he knew the long-looked-for day had arrived. There had already been a few light frosts, but none like this one.

While Pinkey was eating his breakfast, Bunny appeared, armed with his lunch, done up in a paper, and with a flour-sack in which to bring home his share of the day's spoils.

It required a deal of maternal firmness to induce Pinkey to finish his meal, so desirous was he to be off. While his mother prepared his lunch, he and Bunny went to the stable after the horse, and little time was lost in getting under way.

Once started, Pinkey turned Old Polly's head southward, and, as soon as they were out of sight of the house, succeeded in urging her into a "lope," much to the discomfiture of Bunny, who was seated behind, holding a lunch-basket.

In planning their expedition, the two boys had consulted "Johnny" Gordon, son of Farmer Gordon, who lived about a mile and a half

south of town. Johnny had generously informed them that they could get all the hickory-nuts they wanted if they came out to his grove. He said the trees were full, and they might as well have some of them as not.

"But you 'll have to look out for paw," he warned; "'cause if he catches you in there, he 'll tan you, sure!"

Farmer Gordon, popularly known as "Old Hostetters," was conceded to be the "meanest man in seven States," being one of those small-souled individuals who seem to cherish a grudge against mankind. He was not a poor man by any means, but so tenaciously did he hold on to his money that his appearance and his continual references to his poverty would lead one who did not know him to believe him in dire need of the necessities of life.

Notwithstanding these well-known traits, Pinkey and Bunny decided to accept Johnny's offer and run the risk of encountering Old Hostetters in their endeavor to procure part of their winter's supply of nuts from his grove. In case they were successful, they would feel doubly repaid, and their pleasure would be all the more acute when they told the other boys where they had got the nuts.

Pinkey was too much of a strategist to lay his course to the grove in a direct line, for that would take them within sight of Farmer Gordon's house, and, besides, he might be coming to town about this time, and his suspicions would probably be aroused if he saw them and their flour-sacks going toward his farm. When they had reached a cross-road, about a quarter of a mile from their destination, Pinkey turned old Polly to the right, and then by a circuitous route they made their approach from the rear. After letting down some bars and opening a couple of gates, they arrived at the fence which inclosed Farmer Gordon's grove. There were

nuts a-plenty, and they lost no time in getting to work. They finally succeeded in climbing a tree, and soon the frost-bitten nuts were showering to the ground.

Like beavers they worked, climbing tree after tree, until by noon the ground was covered with the result of their labors. Their hands were bruised and their clothes were torn, but it mattered not. They had something to show for it all.

After caring for the horse and eating their own lunch, they began to "hull." They feared they had so many nuts that their flour-sacks would not hold them all. But by the time they had gathered and hulled all that were on the

It was plain that both boys were becoming very uneasy.

"Let's keep right still," said Pinkey, "and maybe he'll go on by. Hope there's nobody with him, 'cause if Old Hostetters caught us in here, he'd whale us well, most likely."

"Johnny said we could get all we wanted," argued Bunny, weakly. But both remembered that Johnny had warned them.

"Yes, but Johnny's not Old Hostetters—not by a long shot," said Pinkey; "and like as not he'd whale Johnny, too, for tellin' us."

By this time it was too late to come down, had they decided to do so. The dog was under the tree, nosing around the two sacks and the remnants of lunch. Presently he discovered the two boys in the tree, and again began to bark. Old Hostetters was not far behind. He had been making a visit to the town and was taking a short cut home through the fields.

"Treed 'em, did ye, Tige?" he said, as a malicious grin overspread his face; "bully fer you! We'll teach these here town kids to steal nuts, won't we, Tige? How do you like yer roost, eh?" This last to Pinkey and Bunny.

Both were too scared to reply, and there was nothing to say, anyway.

"Don't think much uv it, eh,—perty rough settin' ye'll find it 'fore mornin'."

They would not tell on Johnny. It would only get him in trouble, and would do them no good, so they kept mum.

"Hello! two sacks uv 'em, 'n' hulled too. Good thing we happened along, Tige," said Old Hostetters, as he discovered the sacks of nuts. "I c'n git six bits fer 'em up town."

"We gathered and hulled all them, 'n' they're ours," shouted Pinkey, with growing courage as he saw Old Hostetters preparing to make off with the sacks.

"They are, are they? Well, we'll see about that, young man. This'll be the last time *you'll* ever steal nuts in this grove." Old Hostetters called to his dog. "Here, Tige, you watch 'em while I tote these nuts to the house. We'll show 'em how to rob a poor farmer, the young scamps. Watch 'em, Tige!"

Old Hostetters, being too lazy to carry the nuts himself, brought his old blind mare into service. She was grazing near by, which fact



"THE TWO BOYS HAD CONSULTED JOHNNY GORDON."

ground, they found that there were, by far, more hulls than nuts, and they lacked about a fourth of a sackful to make the day a complete success.

So again, tired and sore as they were, they both ascended a large hickory-tree and began to shake.

Suddenly they stopped, and exchanged glances.

"What's that?" said Pinkey.

"Dog barkin'!" replied Bunny. "Let's git."

"Where is he—can you see him?"

"No, I can't, but I'm sure he's a-comin' this way; his bark is gettin' louder every second."

was evidenced by the "tonk-a-tonk" of a cow-bell attached to her neck as a guard against her getting lost beyond an easy finding.



"PINKEY AND BUNNY SAW OLD HOSTETTERS LOAD THEIR TWO SACKS OF NUTS ON THE OLD MARE'S BACK."

Helpless in their rage, Pinkey and Bunny saw Old Hostetters exultingly load their two sacks of nuts on the old mare's back and lead her limping and clanking away to the house. He paid no attention to them when he left. Apparently he had forgotten all about them.

But Tige had not forgotten them. Old Hostetters had said, "Watch 'em," and "watch 'em" he did. He settled himself comfortably under the tree, his head between his paws, and occasionally rolled his eyes upward, just to make sure his prey had not escaped him. The two boys fell to discussing what would happen to them when Old Hostetters returned, and whether it would be better to risk Tige then or both of them later. Finally they decided to wait. An hour passed, and Tige still retained his attitude of vigilant comfort, while Pinkey and Bunny sat in the tree, cramped and helpless, and boiling with rage.

There is no telling how long this situation would have continued, had not a providential rabbit wandered within range of Tige's vision and tested his constancy. The temptation was too much for him, and he immediately deserted his uninteresting charges for the excitement of the chase, during which the two prisoners half slid, half fell to the ground and made their escape.

It was a dejected, heartbroken pair that dismounted at the Perkinses' stable that evening. When they parted, they entered into a solemn compact to "have revenge on Old Hostetters if it took ten years to get it."

Winter and spring came and went, and with the warm days of summer the annual epidemic of the swimming-fever broke

out among the boys. No matter what the consequence might be, a shrill whistle, accompanied by the mystic sign of two fingers held high in the air, was sufficient to cause any boy within hailing-distance to be seized by a violent attack of the disease. Nothing short of

an hour in the water, coupled with violent exercise, could bring relief and restore him to the full enjoyment of health.

One Saturday morning, Pinkey received some very definite and special instructions regarding some Sunday wood. These instructions must be carried out before he could go swimming. On school-days the boys all went swimming in the small ponds near the town, but on Saturday, there was a juvenile exodus to Crane Creek, about two miles south. There they had water deep enough to dive in, and a spring-board, from which the older ones turned somersaults into the water.

After sawing and piling what, in his estimation, was an economic sufficiency of wood, and without waiting for his estimate to be verified, Pinkey quietly departed by way of the back fence, and headed cross lots for Crane Creek.

As he got within sight of Farmer Gordon's hickory-grove his nutting experience came back vividly to his mind, and he burned for revenge. As a rule, Pinkey's grudges were short-lived, but the memory of the outrage he had suffered that day still rankled in his bosom.

As he passed the grove he noticed, about a hundred yards from the fence, a large pile of freshly dug earth. He saw a man bending over the mouth of a new well, from which he was drawing a bucket of mud and dirt. After emptying the bucket he lowered it again into the well. Then, after a few words to some one in the well, he picked up a small tin pail and started toward the house, obviously to get some drinking-water.

By intuition Pinkey felt that Old Hostetters

was in that well, the truth of which feeling he verified by creeping up to the well and looking in. There was Old Hostetters, twenty feet below, filling the bucket with soft, muddy clay. He had long needed a well in his pasture, and not being a man who would willingly pay out



"PINKEY FINALLY STOPPED WALKING AND FAINTLY TINKLED THE BELL AS A HORSE WOULD WHEN STANDING ALMOST STILL."

a dollar that he could save, he was doing most of the work himself, employing only a helper to hoist the dirt from the well.

To Pinkey this seemed a most opportune time to settle old scores. He wished for a bucket of water, that he might drench him. He could drop something on him, but that might

hurt him. Pinkey did not crave bodily injury as a revenge. But he could not let this chance slip. Here was Old Hostetters in the well, and the ladder he used in entering and leaving it lying on the ground outside. He thought of stealing the ladder, but it was too heavy; and, besides, the helper could get Old Hostetters out if he did take it.

Suddenly a brilliant thought flashed through his mind. He had hit upon a scheme that could not fail, and he lost no time in carrying it into effect.

Keeping clear of the well, he stealthily approached the old blind mare, who was quietly grazing in the corner of the pasture, and removed her bell. Then, slowly ringing it, in an aimless, halting sort of way, he indirectly approached the well. In this way he was able to imitate perfectly the noise made by the deliberate browsing of the old mare.

While yet several yards from the well, Pinkey heard a muffled, "Whoa! Whoa, there, *Kate!! Whoa, BACK!!! KATE!!!*" come from the depths of the well.

Pinkey finally stopped walking and faintly tinkled the bell as a horse would when standing almost still. After remaining quiet for a minute, he again began his grazing "tonk-a-tonk," still gradually approaching the well.

Again, to his unspeakable delight, he heard, "Whoa! Whoa, there!! *Gee! GEE!! GEE!!! YOU old FOOL! HELP! HELP!! WHOA, BACK!!!*"

Again Pinkey stopped. He was almost moved to compassion by the piteous wails of the helpless and frantic Hostetters. Then the vision of an old mare, with two sacks of nuts on her back, led by this same Hostetters, and clanking this same bell, came to his mind, and he remained firm. He was only human, and he must have satisfaction.

At the first clank of the bell, as Pinkey, for the third time, took up his deliberate, zig-zag approach, Old Hostetters fairly shrieked, "*WHOA, THERE! YOU OLD FOOL!!*

Whoa, *HAW! Whoa, H-A-W U-P!! BACK! BACK!! Whoa, BACK!!!* Whoa, now! Stand still! *HELP! JIM!! JIM!!!*"

Pinkey was now quite close to the well, and, just to heighten the reality, he kicked a few dry clods into the well. These brought forth only agonized groans from Old Hostetters, who was by this time so nearly petrified with fright that he could not articulate distinctly.

Suddenly, as a shower of clods came down on him, he gave one heartrending yell: "*JIM! JIM!! RUN! SHE 'S A-FALLIN' IN ON ME!!!*" Jim was his helper. Then, as a possible refuge from the equine avalanche which he felt every instant must be impending, he began with all his strength to dig a niche in the wall of the well.

As Pinkey looked toward the house he saw Jim sauntering along, carrying a pail of water. He decided it was high time for him to vacate the premises. As a parting shot he went to the mouth of the well, once more deluged the terrorized Hostetters with dirt and clods, let go the bell, and ran for the fence. As it clattered against the sides of the well and fell harmlessly to the bottom, a shriek came from the well that was music to Pinkey's ears.

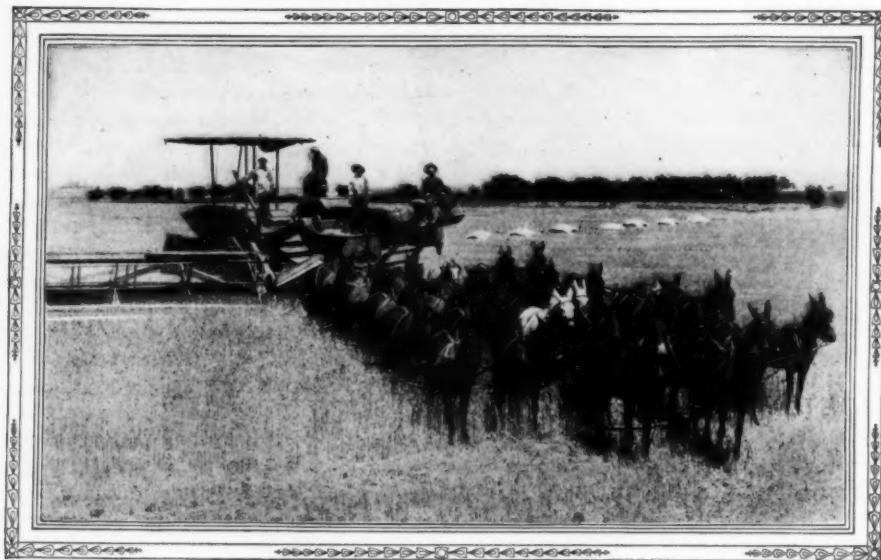
When Jim reached the well he found a very abusive and irate man therein, promising Jim more different kinds of death than the proverbial cat could endure.

Jim proved his innocence by producing the bucket of water. He was as much at loss as to the identity of Old Hostetters's strange visitor as was that worthy himself.

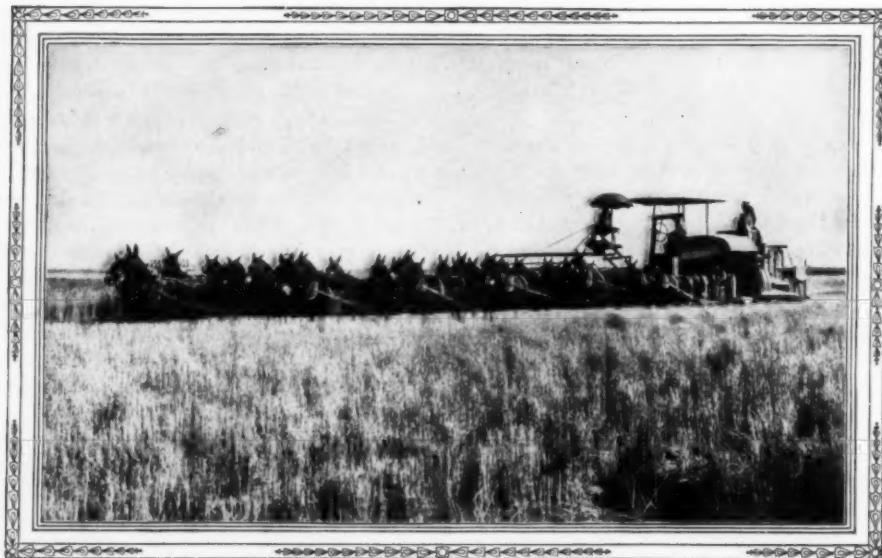
Pinkey did not go swimming that day, nor for many days, at Crane Creek. Thereafter he confined his rural expeditions to the other points of the compass.

Before telling even Bunny of his escapade, he swore him to secrecy by all the solemn rites known to boyhood. A wholesome fear of Old Hostetters kept them almost suspiciously silent whenever that arch-enemy of mischievous boys was mentioned in their presence.

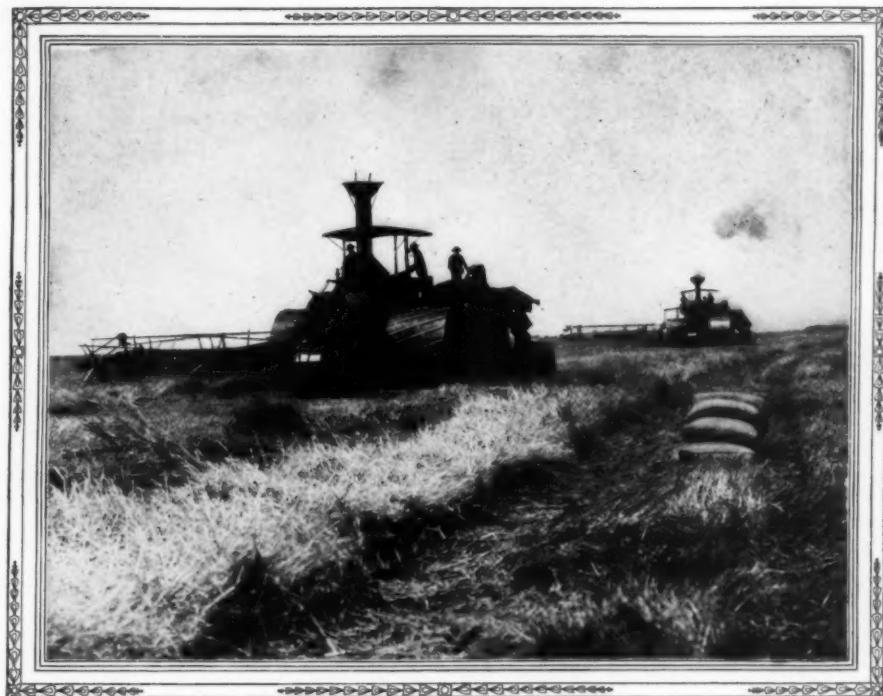
SCENES FROM THE GREAT WHEAT-FIELDS OF CALIFORNIA.



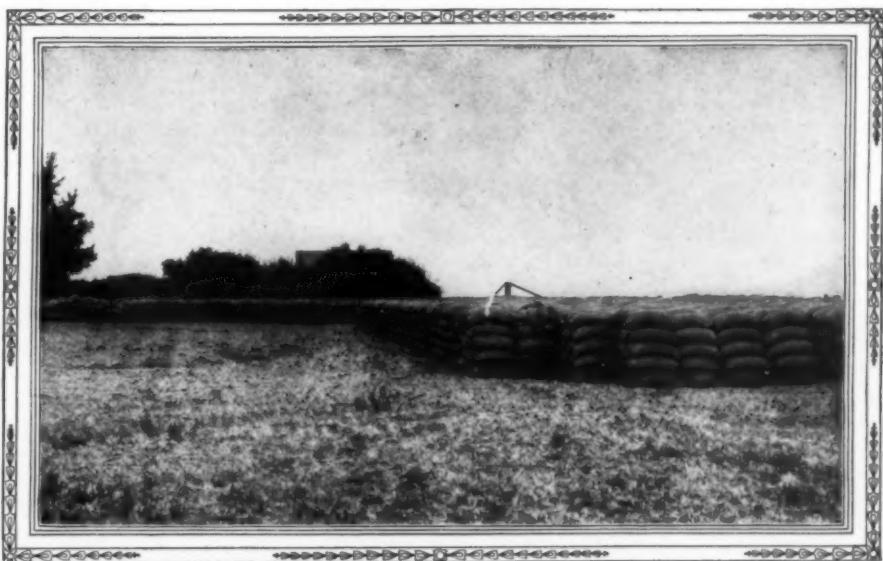
A THIRTY "MULE-POWER" COMBINED HARVESTER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COMBINED HARVESTER.



A STEAM-POWER COMBINED HARVESTER.



ACRES OF WHEAT IN BAGS, TO BE TAKEN TO THE GRAIN-ELEVATOR.



AN AUGUST MORNING.

WHEN TO CRY.

THERE are millions of little boys and girls in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing. But they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are little boys and girls who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:

“It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

“To cry on Tuesday makes red eyes.

“Crying on Wednesday is bad for children’s heads and for the heads of older people.

“It is said that if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he or she will find it hard to stop.

“It is not best for children to cry on Friday. It makes them unhappy.

“Never cry Saturday. It is too busy a day.

“Tears shed on Sunday are salt and bitter.

“Children should on no account cry at night. The nights are for sleep.

“They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something very serious.”

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course they will be of no use to the boys and girls who are past six, for those children do not cry. The wise old man meant them for the little ones—the millions of little boys and girls who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing.

Mary Elizabeth Stone.



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A WELL-TAUGHT LESSON.

"I THINK my talk on Holland was impressive," teacher said,
"For now each little maiden wears a windmill on her head."

Clara Odell Lyon.

THE BOY THAT BLOWS THE BUGLE.

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER.

I HARDLY know, exactly, *just* what I 'd like to be —
A soldier in the army, or a sailor-boy at sea.
I love the noise the drum makes, the horse the colonel rides,
The flag the sergeant carries, and the soldiers' jerky strides.
But when the tide turns seaward, and up the anchors come,
I forget the flying banners and the bugle and the drum.
O then I 'd be a sailor, with rough and tarry hands,
Bound out for Yokohama, or "India's coral strands."
And yet, although I 'm fairly brave, and not afraid to roam,
I should n't like to find myself *too* far away from home.

So, if I get the chance, some day, I 'll give the folks the slip,
And get to be the bugler on a transatlantic ship.



ON THE HILLSIDE.

F.G.



THE place that I love best to go
Is up on the hill where the breezes
blow.

There are thousands of daisies and
buttercups there,
And the long, soft grass waves to and
fro.

I climb on top of the old stone wall
And watch the clouds in the bright
blue sky,
And the far-off road as it winds along,
And the ripples and waves from the
fields of rye.

And the brown-haired city girls, Bess
and Prue,
From the big house up where the
new lane ends,
They gather the daisies and call to me,
And are kind and jolly, and we 're
great friends.

They look so sweet in their pretty
gowns,
And I walk on the wall and watch
them play
Long games of golf, and they 've prom-
ised me
That I shall caddy for them some day.

They like it, too, on the side of the
hill,
Where we look away over the fields
below,—
Oh, the place that I love the best of
all
Is up on the hill where the breezes
blow!

F. S. Gardiner.



ON THE HILLSIDE.

DRAWN BY BESSIE COLLINS PEASE.

QUEEN ZIXI OF IX.

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BY L. FRANK BAUM.
Author of "The Wizard of Oz."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BRAVERY OF AUNT RIVETTE.

THE Roly-Rogues were so busy rioting that they did not look into the air and discover Aunt Rivette flying over the city. So she alighted, all unobserved, upon a balcony of the palace, just outside the chamber of the Princess Fluff, and succeeded in entering the room.

drawer in which rested the magic cloak was still locked, and in a few moments the old woman had the precious garment in her hands.

It was, as we know, the imitation cloak Queen Zixi had made and exchanged for the real one; but so closely did it resemble the fairy cloak that Aunt Rivette had no idea she was carrying a useless garment back to her little niece and nephew. On the contrary, she



"HE MADE OLD TULLYDUE, THE LORD HIGH COUNSELOR, ROCK HIM GENTLY AS HE LAY UPON HIS BACK." (SEE PAGE 884.)

The creatures had ransacked this apartment, thought to herself: "Now we can quickly dispose of these monstrous rogues and drive them back to their own country."

and Fluff's pretty dresses and ornaments were strewn about in dreadful confusion. But the

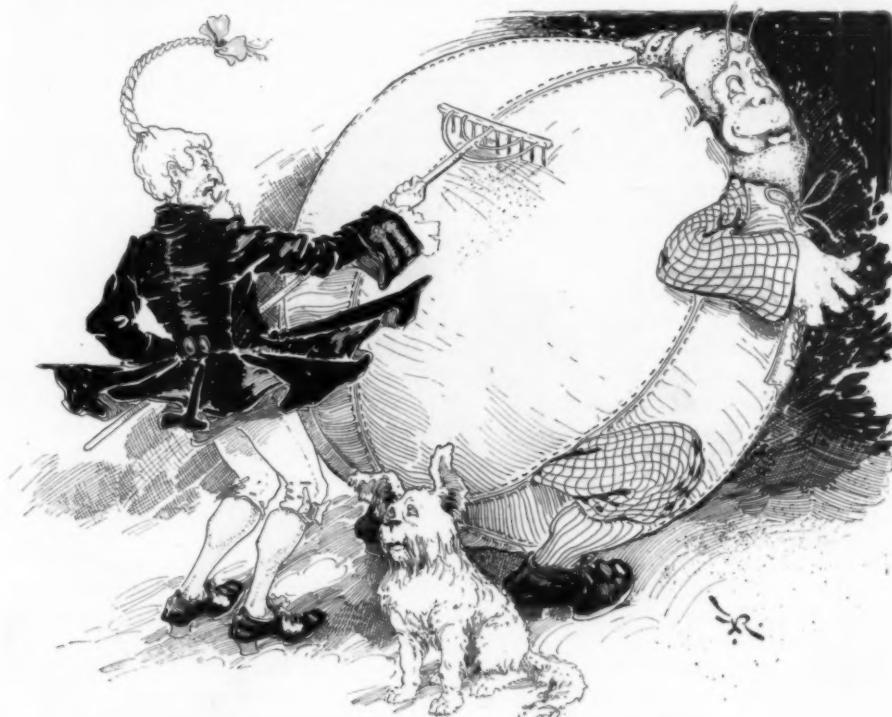
Hearing some one moving about in the next

room, she ran to the window and soon was flying away with the cloak to the place where she had left Bud and Fluff.

"Good!" cried the lord high steward, when

"But it would be an awful job to bury so many great balls," objected Bud. "It would keep all our people busy for a month, at least."

"Why not wish them dead and buried?"



"JIKKI WAS SCRATCHING THE BACK OF ANOTHER ROLY-ROGUE." (SEE PAGE 884.)

he saw the cloak. "Now we have nothing more to fear. Put on your cloak, your Majesty, and make the wish."

Bud threw the cloak over his shoulders.

"What shall I wish?" he asked.

"Let me see," answered Tallydab. "What we want is to get rid of these invaders. Wish them all in the kingdom of Ix."

"Oh, no!" cried Fluff; "it would be wicked to injure Queen Zixi and her people. Let us wish the Roly-Rogues back where they came from."

"That would be folly!" said the dog Ruffles, with an accent of scorn. "For they could easily return again to our city of Nole, having once learned the way there."

"That is true," agreed Aunt Rivette. "The safest thing to do is to wish them all dead."

asked Ruffles. "Then they would be out of the way for good and all."

"A capital idea!" responded Tallydab.

"But I have n't seen these curious creatures yet," said Bud; "and if I now wish them all dead and buried, I shall never get a glimpse of one of them. So let 's walk boldly into the city, and when they appear to interfere with us I 'll make the wish and the Roly-Rogues will instantly disappear."

"That 's all right," agreed Tallydab.

So the entire party returned to the city of Nole; Bud and Fluff riding their ponies, Aunt Rivette fluttering along beside them, and the lord high steward walking behind with his dog.

The Roly-Rogues were so much surprised to see this little party boldly entering the streets

of the city, and showing no particle of fear of them, that they at first made no offer to molest them.

Even when Bud roared with laughter at their queer appearance, and called them "mud-turtles" and "foot-balls," they did not resent the insults; for they had never heard of either a turtle or a foot-ball before.

When the party had reached the palace and the children had dismounted, Bud laughed yet louder; for the gigantic General Tollydob came to the kitchen door, wearing an apron while he polished a big dish-pan, the Roly-Rogues having made him a scullion.

The ruler of the Roly-Rogues was suffering from a toothache, so he had rolled himself into a ball and made old Tullydub, the lord high counselor, rock him gently as he lay upon his back, just as one would rock a baby's cradle.

Jikki was scratching the back of another Roly-Rogue with a sharp garden-rake, while Jikki's six servants stood in a solemn row at his back. They would do anything for Jikki, but they would not lift a finger to serve any one else; so the old valet had to do the scratching unaided.

These six young men had proved a great puzzle to the Roly-Rogues, for they found it impossible to touch them or injure them in any way; so, after several vain attempts to conquer them, they decided to leave Jikki's servants alone.

The lord high purse-bearer was waving a fan to keep the flies off two of the slumbering monsters; and the lord high executioner was feeding another Roly-Rogue with soup from a great ladle, the creature finding much amusement in being fed in this manner.

King Bud, feeling sure of making all his enemies disappear with a wish, found rare sport in watching his periwigged counselors thus serving their captors; so he laughed and made fun of them until the Roly-Rogue ruler stuck his head out and commanded the boy to run away.

"Why, you ugly rascal, I'm the King of Noland," replied Bud; "so you'd better show me proper respect."

With that he picked up a good-sized pebble and threw it at the ruler. It struck him just

over his aching tooth, and with a roar of anger the Roly-Rogue bounded toward Bud and his party.

The assault was so sudden that they had much ado to scramble out of the way; and as soon as Bud could escape the rush of the huge ball, he turned squarely around and shouted:

"I wish every one of the Roly-Rogues dead and buried!"

Hearing this and seeing that the king wore the magic cloak, all the high counselors at once raised a joyful shout, and Fluff and Bud gazed upon the Roly-Rogues expectantly, thinking that of course they would disappear.

But Zixi's cloak had no magic powers whatever; and now dozens of the Roly-Rogues, aroused to anger, bounded toward Bud's little party.

I am sure the result would have been terrible had not Aunt Rivette suddenly come to the children's rescue. She threw one lean arm around Bud and the other around Fluff, and then, quickly fluttering her wings, she flew with them to the roof of the palace, which they reached in safety.

The lord high steward and his dog went down before the rush, and the next moment old Tallydab was crying loudly for mercy, while Ruffles limped away to a safe spot beneath a bench under an apple-tree, howling at every step and shouting angry epithets at the Roly-Rogues.

"I wonder what's the matter with the cloak," gasped Bud. "The old thing's a fraud; it did n't work."

"Something went wrong, that's certain," replied Fluff. "You had n't wished before, had you?"

"No," said Bud.

"Perhaps," said Aunt Rivette, "the fairies have no power over these horrible creatures."

"That must be it, of course," said the princess. "But what shall we do now? Our country is entirely conquered by these monsters; so it is n't a safe place for us to stay in."

"I believe I can carry you anywhere you'd like to go," said Aunt Rivette. "You're not so very heavy."

"Suppose we go to Queen Zixi, and ask her to protect us?" the princess suggested.

"That's all right, if she does n't bear us a



"I'LL SOON CARRY YOU OVER THE MOUNTAIN AND THE RIVER
INTO THE KINGDOM OF IX."

grudge. You know we knocked out her whole army," remarked Bud.

"Quavo the minstrel says she is very beautiful, and kind to her people," said the girl.

"Well, there's no one else we can trust," Bud answered gloomily; "so we may as well try Zixi. But if you drop either of us on the

gardens, shrubbery, and buildings were beautifully planned and cared for.

The splendid palace of the queen was in the center of a delightful park, with white marble walks leading up to the front door.

Aunt Rivette landed the children at the entrance to this royal park, and they walked slowly



"THE LORD HIGH PURSE-BEARER WAS WAVING A FAN."

way, Aunt Rivette, I'll have to call in the lord high executioner."

"Never fear," replied the old woman. "If I drop you, you'll never know what has happened. So each one of you put an arm around my neck, and cling tight, and I'll soon carry you over the mountain and the river into the kingdom of Ix."

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE PALACE OF THE WITCH-QUEEN.

BUD and Fluff were surprised at the magnificence of the city of Ix. The witch-queen had reigned there so many centuries that she found plenty of time to carry out her ideas; and the

toward the palace, admiring the gleaming white statues, the fountains and flowers, as they went.

It was beginning to grow dusk, and the lights were gleaming in the palace windows when they reached it. Dozens of liveried servants were standing near the entrance, and some of these escorted the strangers with much courtesy to a reception-room. There a gray-haired master of ceremonies met them and asked in what way he might serve them.

This politeness almost took Bud's breath away, for he had considered Queen Zixi in the light of an enemy rather than a friend; but he decided not to sail under false colors, so he drew himself up in royal fashion, and answered:

"I am King Bud of Noland, and this is my sister, Princess Fluff, and my Aunt Rivette. My kingdom has been conquered by a horde of

hold a beautiful reflection in her mirror was both impossible and foolish; so she had driven the desire from her heart and devoted herself to

ruling her kingdom wisely, as she had ruled before the idea of stealing the magic cloak had taken possession of her. And when her mind was in normal condition the witch-queen was very sweet and agreeable in disposition.

So Queen Zixi greeted Bud and his sister and aunt with great kindness, kissing Fluff affectionately upon her cheek and giving her own hand to Bud to kiss.

It is not strange that the children considered her the most beautiful person they had ever beheld; and to them she was as gentle as beautiful, listening with much interest to their tale of the invasion of the Roly-Rogues, and promising to assist them by every means in her power.

This made Bud somewhat ashamed of his past enmity; so he said bluntly: "I am sorry we defeated your army and made them run."

"Why, that was the only thing you could do, when I had invaded your dominion," answered Zixi. "I admit that you were in the right, and that I deserved my defeat."

"But why did you try to conquer us?" asked Fluff.

"Because I wanted to secure the magic cloak, of which I had heard so much," returned the queen, frankly.

"Oh!" said the girl.

"But, of course, you understand that if I had known the magic cloak could not grant any more wishes, I would not have been so eager to secure it," continued Zixi.

monsters, and I have come to the Queen of Ix to ask her assistance."

The master of ceremonies bowed low and said:

"I am sure Queen Zixi will be glad to assist your Majesty. Permit me to escort you to rooms, that you may prepare for an interview with her as soon as she can receive you."

So they were led to luxurious chambers, and were supplied with perfumed baths and clean raiment, which proved very refreshing after their tedious journey through the air.

It was now evening; and when they were ushered into the queen's reception-room the palace was brilliantly lighted.

Zixi, since her great disappointment in the lilac-grove, had decided that her longing to be-



"THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER WAS FEEDING ANOTHER ROLY-ROGUE WITH SOUP FROM A GREAT LADLE."

"No," said Bud; "the old thing won't work any more; and we nearly got captured by the Roly-Rogues before we found it out."

"Oh, have you the cloak again?" asked Zixi, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes, indeed," returned the princess; "it was locked up in my drawer, and Aunt Rivette managed to get it for me before the Roly-Rogues could find it."

"Locked in your drawer?" repeated the witch-queen, musingly. "Then, I am sorry to say, you have not the fairy cloak at all, but the imitation one."

"What do you mean?" asked Fluff, greatly surprised.

"Why, I must make a confession," said Zixi, with a laugh. "I tried many ways to steal your magic cloak. First, I came to Nole as 'Miss Trust.' Do you remember?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Fluff; "and I mistrusted you from the first."

"And then I sent my army to capture the

I've often wondered what became of my maid Adlena, and why she left me so suddenly and mysteriously."

"Well, she exchanged an imitation cloak for the one the fairies had given you," said Zixi, with a smile. "And then she ran away with the precious garment, leaving in your drawer a cloak that resembled the magic garment but had no magical charms whatever."

"How dreadful!" said Fluff.

"But it did me no good," went on the queen, sadly; "for when I made a wish the cloak could not grant it."

"Because it was stolen!" cried the girl, eagerly. "The fairy who gave it to me said that if the cloak was stolen it would never grant a wish to the thief."

"Oh," said Zixi, astonished, "I did not know that!"

"Of course not," Fluff replied, with a rather triumphant smile. "But if you had only come to me and told me frankly that you wanted to



F. RICHARDSON

"THE LORD HIGH STEWARD AND HIS DOG WENT DOWN BEFORE THE RUSH."

cloak. But, when both of these plans failed, I disguised myself as the girl Adlena."

"Adlena!" exclaimed the princess. "Why,

I use the cloak, I would gladly have lent it to you, and then you could have had your wish."

"Well, well!" said Zixi, much provoked with

herself. "To think I have been so wicked all for nothing, when I might have succeeded without the least trouble had I frankly asked for what I wanted!"

"But—see here!" said Bud, beginning to understand the tangle of events; "I must have worn the imitation cloak when I made my wish, and that was the reason that my wish did n't come true."

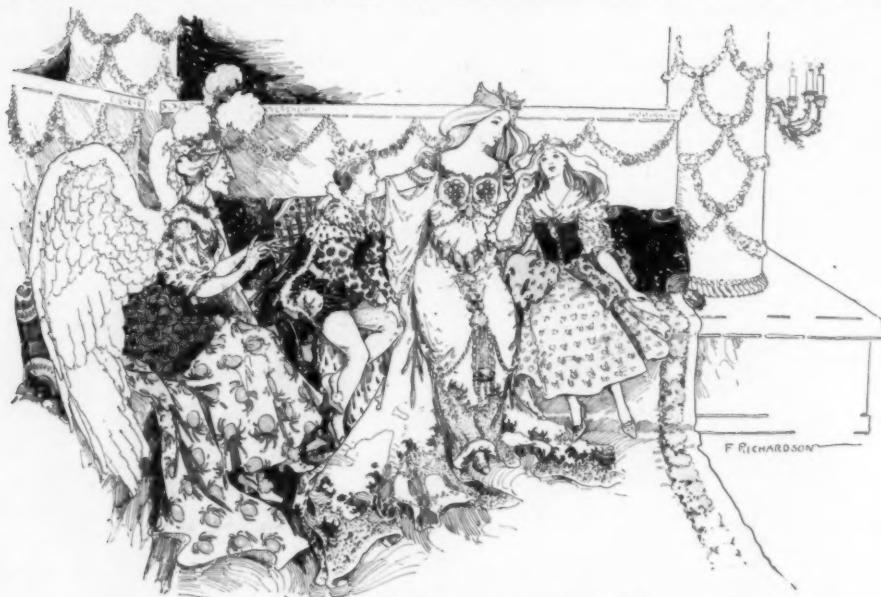
"To be sure," rejoined Fluff. "And so it is nothing but the imitation cloak we have brought here with us."

"No wonder it would not destroy and bury

This expression of kindness and good will brought great joy to Zixi, and she seized the generous child in her arms and kissed her with real gratitude.

"We will start for the lilac-grove to-morrow morning," she exclaimed delightedly; and "before night both King Bud and I will have our wishes fulfilled!"

Then the witch-queen led them to her royal banquet-hall, where a most delightful dinner was served. And all the courtiers and officers of Zixi bowed low, first before the King of Noland and then before his sweet little sister, and



"'BECAUSE IT WAS STOLEN!' CRIED THE GIRL, EAGERLY."

the Roly-Rogues!" declared the boy, sulkily. "But if this is the imitation, where, then, is the real magic cloak?"

"Why, I believe I left it in the lilac-grove," replied Zixi.

"Then we must find it at once," said Bud; "for only by its aid can we get rid of those Roly-Rogues."

"And afterward I will gladly lend it to you also; I promise now to lend it to you," said Fluff, turning to the queen; "and your wish will be fulfilled, after all—whatever it may be."

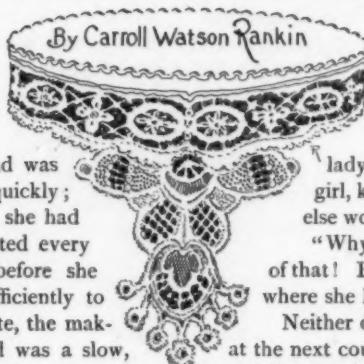
promised them the friendship of the entire kingdom of Ix.

Quavo the wandering minstrel chanced to be present that evening, and he sang a complimentary song about King Bud; and a wonderful song about the "Flying Lady," meaning Aunt Rivette; and a beautiful song about the lovely Princess Fluff.

So every one was happy and contented, as they all looked forward to the morrow to regain the magic cloak, and by its means to bring an end to all their worries.

(To be continued.)

The Quest Of A Nile-Green Collar.



By Carroll Watson Rankin

PERHAPS Katherine's mind was too large to be made up quickly; perhaps it was so small that she had to wait until she had collected every particle of all her brains before she could concentrate them sufficiently to form an opinion. At any rate, the making up of Katherine's mind was a slow, laborious process, as the family often said.

This was why the collar escaped in the first place. The girl was almost certain that it was the right shade; she almost knew that the price was more than reasonable: yet, because she was Katherine, and for no other reason than anybody could discover, she had hesitated. She herself was not lost, but the collar was; for a positive young person named Brown had decided at a glance that the collar was precisely what she wanted, had paid for it under deliberate Katherine's very nose, and had disappeared before the hesitating young shopper could utter a word of protest.

"But I wanted that collar!" objected Katherine, when it was too late for objections to avail. "Why, I've been here four times to look at it. It's the only one I've ever seen that would match my new green waist."

"I'm sorry," returned the shop-girl; "but really —"

"Oh, it was n't *your* fault. I should have been quicker. Are you sure you have n't another like it?"

"Quite sure," returned the girl. "You see, it was an imported article, and we had only one of each color. I could give it to you in yellow —"

"Oh, that would n't do at all. My waist is that peculiar shade of pale green that is so hard to match, and I have n't even a scrap of the goods left to make a collar. Dear me! Why was n't I quicker!"

"Perhaps you could buy it from the young

lady that got it," suggested the girl, kindly. "Perhaps something else would please her just as well."

"Why, I should never have thought of that! But I don't know her name nor where she lives."

Neither did the shop-girl; but the girl at the next counter, who had been an interested listener, stepped forward with the information that the name was Brown. More than this meager fact she was unable to impart.

Katherine consulted the city directory, discovered that the town contained twenty-two Browns, and likewise learned that there were Browns and Brownes. Then, with her amused mother's consent, she started on her unusual quest.

Like almost all slow persons, Katherine was persevering. She visited the twenty-two Browns in turn, but without finding the young woman who had purchased the collar. This pilgrimage, however, brought other, hitherto unsuspected Browns — also Brownes — to light. The Brainards possessed a visiting niece named Brown, the elderly Maynards had a Brown granddaughter, and one newly married lady stated that she had just turned from Brown to Grey.

"I believe," said this pretty little Mrs. Grey, when Katherine had laid the case before her, more than a week after the loss of the collar, "that the Armstrongs, who live just across the street, have a governess named Brown."

Katherine went to the Armstrongs' and asked for Miss Brown.

"She's gone," replied the maid; "but you could see Mrs. Armstrong."

Mrs. Armstrong listened kindly, and obligingly described her Miss Brown. The description tallied exactly with what Katherine remembered of the purchaser of the green collar. Miss Brown had even gone shopping on that particular morning for the express purpose of

purchasing neckwear; but, Mrs. Armstrong was sorry to say, the young woman had left her employ that same day to go abroad with the Poysers, who lived next door, and who expected to stay for two years, by which time, of course, the collar would be worn out and out of style.

"They were to sail," concluded Mrs. Armstrong, "this morning."

"Well," said Katherine, "that, of course, settles my collar."

Katherine was blessed with a great many relatives. Some of them admired, others were amused at, the persistence with which she sought for "Brown persons and green collars," as the family liked to put it. Every member of the large family connection was interested; and for nearly two weeks, trifle that it was, the Nile-green collar, and Katherine's enthusiastic search for Browns, became the principal topic at all family gatherings. When Katherine announced that the collar had gone abroad and was hopelessly lost as far as she was concerned, every member of the sympathetic family agreed that it was "too bad."

But the quest was not ended. Although Katherine herself had given up all hope of ever owning a collar that exactly matched the pretty waist, the family was more sanguine. Katherine's cousin Jessie went to a neighboring town to buy embroidery silks not obtainable in her own town, and saw a green collar. It looked to her very like Katherine's collarless waist, so generous Jessie promptly bought it. But it did not match.

Then Katherine's aunt Celandine, who had a pocketful of annual passes, went to Chicago to buy a shoe-string—at least Aunt Celandine's railroading husband claimed that a needed shoe-string was always a sufficient excuse. Arrived there, this wandering lady, unhampered by any lack of means, bought, with Katherine in mind, all the green collars she happened to run across in the course of a day's shopping.

Also, Katherine's married sister, a perennial victim of catalogue fever and likewise free from poverty, ordered green collars from almost every firm whose catalogue gave any indication that there might be green collars in stock; and several of Katherine's girl friends, unable to purchase ready-made collars, bought material that

purported to be Nile-green in color, and started to make a few.

But this was not all. Letters went from many of Katherine's kindly relatives—indeed, even Katherine herself wrote several—describing, sometimes with illustrations, the coveted collar. On one point they were unanimous. One and all implored the recipients to search the shops in their towns for Nile-green collars made of ribbed silk, edged with honiton, and provided with an elongated tab in front.

Even Katherine's granduncle William, who lived alone in Boston, heard about the collar, and, like the others, was instantly seized with a longing to send Katherine a green collar.

"Why," said the dear old man, folding the letter that told of the quest, "if there 's such a thing as a green collar in Boston, I 'll buy it for that nice little girl. I always liked the child."

Unfortunately, Granduncle William's kindness of heart greatly exceeded his knowledge of collars. If there is a dearth of green collars in Boston to-day, it is because a smiling old gentleman with soft, kindly eyes and a stately, courteous manner that pleasantly impressed the least considerate of shop-girls bought all the collars that could by any stretch of the imagination be called green. Fortunately for Uncle William's not-too-plethoric purse, a green collar is something of a rarity. Until one has actually searched for green collars, one cannot realize how little verdant neckwear even a town as big as Boston contains. Had the supply been unlimited, there is no knowing how far Uncle William's kindly zeal would have carried him. As it was, he was obliged to content himself with only sixteen, one for each year of Katherine's life. As no two of his purchases were alike, however, good Uncle William felt certain, as he expressed them to Katherine, that one of them at least would prove to be a replica of the ribbed-silk, long-tabbed Nile-green collar.

"I wish," said Katherine, some days later, "that somebody would pinch me. I believe I 'm asleep and dreaming green collars! For the last ten days every parcel I 've opened has contained anywhere from one to twenty-four green collars. Am I having a prolonged attack of nightmare?"

"You are not," returned her mother, laugh-

ing. "You are really having green collars. But is n't that a new parcel? Where did it come from?"

"The expressman just brought it—it's from dear, lovely old Uncle William. But—mother! Of all impossible collars! Every shade of green,

It was true. The waist was a tender Nile-green, a singularly elusive shade. The collars were bottle-green, olive-green, apple-green, grass-green, Irish-green, hunter's-green, sapp-green, sage-green, Hooker's-green, Lincoln-green, emerald-green, and every other green that nature or man has devised; but not one of them was wearable with the green waist.

"Collars, collars everywhere," paraphrased Katherine, as she viewed the collection on her bed and on the floor, with the shades graduated from light to dark; "and not a one to wear. Unless I have a 'Green-collar Sale' for the benefit of the Deans, or dye part of them black, or buy a waist to go with each one, I don't know what I'll ever do with them. I hope I sha'n't get any more."

But she did. About two months later the postman handed her an envelop addressed in an unfamiliar handwriting and bearing a foreign stamp. It contained a brief note and the very Nile-green collar that she had so much wanted to buy. The note read:

"COLLARS, COLLARS EVERYWHERE, AND NOT A ONE TO WEAR."

every shape and every size that you can imagine. Sixteen of them!"

"How many does that make?" asked smiling Mrs. Dean, inspecting the contents of the latest box.

"Eighty-three," laughed Katherine; "and not a single one matches that waist!"

MY DEAR MISS DEAN: Mrs. Armstrong writes me that you were disappointed at losing a certain green collar that matched your waist, and that I inadvertently deprived you of it. Since it does not match mine, I have never even put it on, and so you must let me have the great pleasure of restoring it to you.

Truly yours,
ADELAIDE BROWN.



VALOR.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



THERE is n't any giant
Within this forest grim,
And if there were, I would n't be
A bit afraid of him!

COURT NEWS.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



THE king and queen went out to-day,
A-riding on a load of hay.
The king fell off and lost his crown;
The queen fell, too, and tore her gown.



EDGAR'S "SISSY" JOB THAT PAID.

BY LOUISE J. STRONG.

MRS. PEARSON came down with pale face and tired eyes. Baby Rex was teething, and restless and fretful, and her sleep had been broken and unrefreshing. She glanced anxiously at the clock and about the untidy kitchen. The table was not set; a skillet of potatoes scorched on the stove, sending up a cloud of unsavory smoke; Frank was slicing bread; Edgar was putting the dry oatmeal in the dry boiler, and the dry tea-kettle snapped on a hot lid; Father Pearson fidgeted about, clumsily attempting several things.

"I asked you to fill the tea-kettle, Frank," he said, as Mrs. Pearson, having set off the skillet, took the tea-kettle and hastened to the sink.

"I forgot; and now there's no water for coffee again, or oatmeal either!" Frank exclaimed. "Edgar, I thought you—"

"And I thought you would; I don't see what you want to cut bread the first thing for, anyway," Edgar retorted.

"Don't wrangle, boys," Mr. Pearson interposed mildly, adding, "Just give us anything, mother, so we can be off."

"I'll do the best I can, but the boys have burned the potatoes, and there's no time for coffee and oatmeal," she replied unsteadily, with discouragement in her voice. After a brisk quarter of an hour she reduced the chaos to a semblance of order, and produced something that passed for breakfast, which was eaten hurriedly, in a gloomy silence.

"You've got to have help, some way, mother," Mr. Pearson said as he arose from the unsatisfactory meal. "I don't see how we can go on like this; and yet, until the outlook is better—"

"No," she interrupted, "you know we've gone over it and over it! There's not a cent to spare from absolute necessities; you can't risk a failure when times are so hard. We'll get on better when baby is well." She tried to speak bravely, but was stifling a nervous sob.

"We cannot sacrifice you; we must find some other way." He hurried away, with anxiety added to his already heavy burden.

The younger boys, late now for school, clattered about getting ready, with Edgar's assistance.

"Mother," he said, when they were off, "I might stay at home and help you."

"No, dear, you must not miss your lessons," she replied, thanking him with a kiss.

There were six boys in the Pearson family—or five boys and the baby, as they put it.

"All wood-choppers; not a dish-washer among them," Father Pearson remarked sometimes, a little regretfully it must be admitted.



"EDGAR AND FRANK TALKED IT OVER THAT NIGHT
IN THEIR ROOM."

With the care of baby, and looking after the clothing and comfort of the entire family, Mrs. Pearson had enough to do when the kitchen work and cooking were done for her; but now— Edgar the thoughtful shook his head.

He had noticed how worn the dear mother was growing, and understood his father's anxiety; he pondered the situation earnestly, and he and his older brother Frank talked it over that night in their room before going to bed. Frank had found Edgar reading when he came up to bed, and he tried to bring his brother to his way of thinking—that one of the younger boys should help their mother more. Edgar listened to him for a while, and then replied: "No, Frank, I have made up my mind. We can't go on like this, as father says; there's a job right here, waiting for somebody, and somebody's got to do it. You are father's right-hand man in the store; Archie's too young, and, besides, he hates it like poison; Willie and Ted don't count for much, only at the table. That settles it! I am the one to do it."

When he came home at noon the next day he brought a bundle of gingham bought from his private savings. "Could n't you cut me a couple of long-sleeved aprons, mother, and run them up on the machine this evening?" he said, as he displayed the goods.

"Aprons!" cried Ted. "Are you goin' into a bakery?"

"Yes; the home bakery," Edgar replied. "You see," he explained, seating himself at the table, "mother's got to have regular help. What's everybody's business is nobody's business; we've proved that. Under the present system we all do a little, and none of us does much. Now I'm going to make the kitchen work my own particular business, mother being my general-in-chief. I'll do all the cooking as fast as I learn how, and all the dish-washing."

"Hired girl! Sissy!" exclaimed Ted and Willie together, laughing.

"That's it," Edgar said good-humoredly. "We certainly need a sissy bad enough in this family."

"So we do. But it is n't an easy place to fill, and I'm afraid you'll make a poor substitute," commented his father.

"Wait a while and you'll change your mind, father. I'm in earnest, and I mean to study cooking as I hope to study law some day."

"But you must n't leave school, my dear," his mother said.

"No, mother, I don't intend to. You'll all

have to be ready for breakfast a half-hour earlier, so I can get my work done. Some girls do lots of work and go to school. Mary Beach works for her board, and I asked her all about it. She accomplishes a great deal, but I think I can do as well, or better, when I learn how. A boy past sixteen ought to be as smart as a girl the same age."

"The boys'll make sport of you for doing girls' work," Archie reminded him.

"Of course! I expect that! Guess I can stand it. We've all got to eat yet awhile, whatever we do in the future, and it's a good thing for a fellow to know how to cook, sometimes. Don't you remember how Uncle Joe said he wished he could cook when he was in the army? Now, then, I'll wash these dishes in a jiffy, while mother puts Rexy to sleep."

He took up the work with a cheerful, willing earnestness, and his mother's face brightened with an expression of relief as she watched and guided him, and the plan began to look feasible.

"But it won't last. Our Biddy will strike after a few weeks of it," Frank prophesied one day. "And won't the crockery suffer!"

"Wait and see," Edgar replied.

Day after day he tramped about the kitchen like a warrior, conquering the difficulties that arose, with a persistent patience and a comforting cheerfulness. His mother often smiled to hear his merry whistle or boyish roundelay, to the accompaniment of rattling pans and kettles. He developed a deft quickness, and the crockery suffered no more than the usual accidents.

From the first he was not at all ashamed of his "job," and answered the door-bell, if his mother was not in the house, in his apron if necessary. Once, so garbed, he conducted the minister into the parlor, blushing under the good man's warmly expressed approbation.

Of course when the boys got hold of it they set upon him.

"Gone into the Biddy business, I hear," Ralph Cone teased.

"Yep." Edgar smiled on the crowd of boys.

"Ho, ho! sloshing in the dish-water like a girl," jeered Bob.

"No, I slosh like a boy, and I'm having more fun than you could shake a stick at," Edgar laughed, and he thought of "Tom Sawyer."

"Fun!" That *was* news.

"Yep. You just ought to see me knock the spots out of the bread-dough. It's great! Beats the punching-bag all to pieces. You see, I bake a whole lot at once, and have a pile of dough; I roll up my sleeves, scrub my fists till you would n't know them, and play I'm a prize-fighter, and cuff, and maul, and pound that dough in a way to make your eyes pop. It's soft and does n't hurt your hands, and the more you beat it the better bread it makes. It's great sport!"

It sounded like it, the way he told of it. Some



"EDGAR TOOK FROM HIS VEST-POCKET A DOUBLE SHEET OF LETTER-PAPER."

of the boys doubled their fists and thumped an imaginary dough-pile, wishing they could try the real thing.

"But it's women's work, all the same, and nothing in it. You would n't catch me at it!" Tom Smith declared.

"Now look here." Edgar took from his vest-pocket a double sheet of letter-paper on which he had pasted a clipping from a newspaper, which he had ready for such an occasion. "Just

listen to what some men get for doing this kind of 'women's work!'" He read them a clipping of an account of the salaries paid to some of the great chefs.

"Wh-e-e-w!" whistled Ralph. "Thousands of dollars! What a lot just for cooking!"

"Just for cooking," quoted Edgar. "Did you never think, son, how important cooking is, and eating, too? Tom has, I know," and they all laughed, for Tom could do wonders in the matter of eating.

"I don't know as I'm so much more given to eating than the rest of you," Tom protested, "unless it's doughnuts. Say, do they let you make 'em, Ed?"

"I should say so! — by the peck! I can make dandy ones, too! Going to make a lot Saturday; if you fellows'll come round about ten, I'll let you sample 'em. But you've got to stay on the back porch, for I scrub Saturday mornings, and I won't have you tracking the floor."

They were there, and watched enviously as he flourished about, magnifying his importance, and patronizingly distributing two cakes each, crisp and brown and fragrant, just from the kettle. They left with the impression that his was an enviable position, and spread abroad his skill as a cook; and his fame grew.

He kept at it all winter, learning readily because he put his mind to it, and doing the cooking to the satisfaction and content of the family, and with considerable pride in his own dexterity. His mother often declared that she would never get such another worker.

"I don't know that I'd care to go into it as a life business, but while I'm getting ready for something else, this is good enough," he said at times.

Early one morning in June, soon after school had closed, a young man called at the Pearson home.

"I hear that you have a young fellow here who can cook. May I see him, please?" he asked.

Edgar came forward, aproned from chin to shoes. "I do a little in that line," he said.

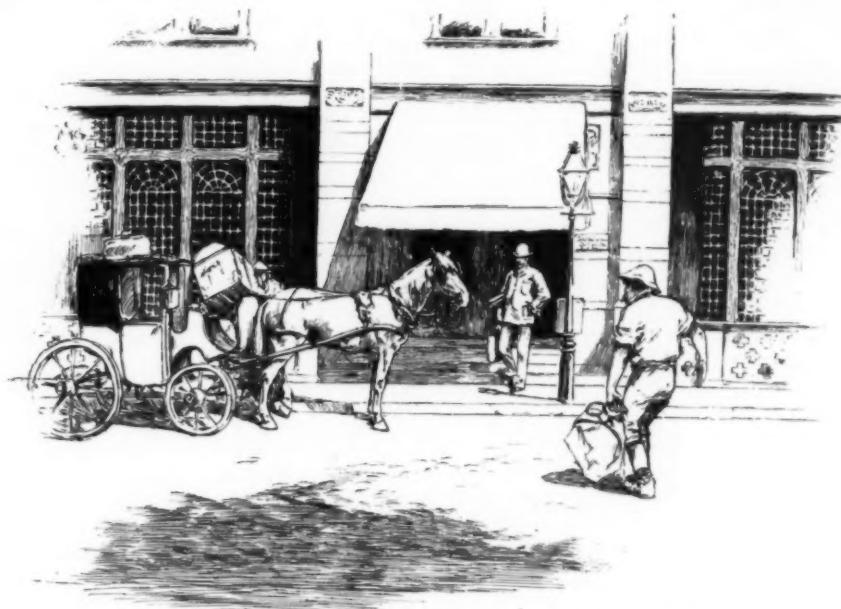
"How much of a little? And are you open to an offer of a situation?"

"To go out cooking?" Edgar exclaimed, and his brothers at the table could not refrain from laughing. Even his mother smiled.

The stranger smiled, too, explaining: "A lot of our club fellows go up to the Lakes every summer; we have a camp there and a good outfit, but we find it difficult to get a reliable cook and caretaker. We come and go, and want some one trustworthy there all the time. You're younger than I expected, but you look dependable. What kind of cooking can you do?"

"Most of the plain and some of the frills,

time; no one was about the building but a cabman removing some baggage from the box-seat, and a perspiring iceman lazily crossing the street with the daily charge for the waiting-room ice-cooler. As Edgar drew nearer, however, Mr. Thompson came down the steps with his gripsack and rods, and hailed his new cook. Together they went across the street and bought a few things at the hardware-store.



"MR. THOMPSON CAME DOWN THE STEPS WITH HIS GRIPSACK AND RODS."

like pie and gingercake, doughnuts and rice-pudding." Edgar hastily ran over the list of his accomplishments.

"You'll do; we never had a man who could cook as much. We give fifty dollars a month and expenses. We would want you next week, and probably until the last of September. What do you say?"

"I'll go, and cook my prettiest," Edgar replied excitedly.

"We'll call it settled, then," replied the visitor. "My name is Thompson, and I will be at the station to-morrow in time for the 12.30 afternoon train. Meet me there."

It was a hot June midday when Edgar arrived at the station. He was there ahead of

As the time approached for the departure of the train, Edgar's friends began to arrive, and soon it seemed that every boy he ever knew was there.

Edgar boarded the train, to an accompaniment of cheers from the boys. But he was saying to himself: "Three months at fifty dollars a month! I'll get rich! Mother shall have a good Bridget in my place. I see my way through college! I'll cook myself through! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The boys saw him off with considerable envy.

"Just think of all the fun you're going to have, and get paid for it, too!" Ralph said.

"Why, boy," Edgar chaffed, "it's nothing but women's work — just a sissy dish-water job," and he waved his hat from the car window.

STORIES TOLD BY INDIANS.

BY THE LATE JULIAN RALPH.



Hudson Bay Company, carrying supplies to a distant fort or trading-post in the north. It was a wild spot, but the game, large and small, seemed to know that it was "out of season," and that their pelts were of little value at that time. A family of bears not far from the camp frolicked and splashed in a shallow natural basin with all the glee that might have their captive relatives in the safe pits of a zoölogical garden.

Among the Indians was one far older than the others, a little, thin, bent old man, with a face as wrinkled as a nutmeg, with the complexion of the sole of one of your shoes, with his griz-

MOTLEY band of half-breeds and Chippewa Indians had camped at the first portage on the Nepigon River, north of Lake Superior. They were at work for the great

ple supper had been eaten, there was gathered in front of this queer little old man the Indian and half-breed boys, and all asking for a story. The old Chippewa smoked on gravely and reflected as we are led to believe Indians do most of the time. Soon he removed his pipe from his mouth and talked, as Indians like to do in the right place and time. It is not true that Indians are always silent; they often gabble like children when their interest is aroused.

Every boy who has read Grimm's fairy tales remembers the story of the master thief who stole the horse while a man was on his back. The Blackfeet Indians have such a story, and although it is a tale of the cleverness of their enemies, they nevertheless recite it to their children.

This is the story the old Indian told:

THE STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE.

ALL Indians who use horses are very fond of horse-racing, and not only race their own horses



"A FAMILY OF BEARS NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP FROLICKED AND SPLASHED IN A SHALLOW NATURAL BASIN."

zled hair cut off square around his neck, with not an ounce of flesh to spare, and dressed in moccasins, trousers, a red worsted belt, and a gray flannel shirt. One evening after the sim-

against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes,—and used to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly

tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year, and, after the hunting was over, pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time, not so very long ago, the Blackfeet had the very

Crows, the Sioux, the Crees, and all the other Indians of the plains.

Stealing is considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious.



"FROM THAT DAY HIS TRIBE OWNED THE GREAT WHITE HORSE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

fastest horse that any one knew of; the fastest horse of which any one could tell, or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe, for Indians are very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious were the Stoney, the

Blackfeet, therefore, kept the wonderful race-horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells at the Hudson Bay Company's nearest fort, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a tepee pole inside a big tepee, and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the

rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the tepee and "cinch" it tight with thongs of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white beauty of a horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians told his chief and the head men that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crawled through the grass to the tall bluff along the Bow River (north of our Idaho, I think, was the locality), where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him and barked, that would set all the other dogs barking and he would be obliged to run for his life. Stealthily, as only an Indian can move on his softly moccasined feet, this arch-thief of the thieving Crow nation crept into the Blackfoot camp. He had to step over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another tepee and took a travois from its side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheelless wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end, it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch-thief of the Crows used the one he put up against the horse-tent. On it he climbed to the top of the tepee, and from there he got a view of the interior, looking down between the tent-poles that form the sides of the chimney-hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent-poles; he poised his body very nicely in the chimney-opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back!

The instant he felt himself on the back of

the beast, his knife, which was in his hand, swept through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels shot in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's heels urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse! But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a mad ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph home to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased.

The little redskins listened eagerly to this story, which, doubtless, they had often heard before; but they were not so quiet as the reader might imagine, for they asked so many questions that the old man pretended to be cross, and said that if they wanted to know so much he would not tell them another story.

THE STORY OF NAN-AB-BEJU.

"I WILL tell you the story of Nan-ab-beju," said the old fellow, relenting. "He is the man who made the new earth after the big water came and covered it."

He told this tale in the Chippewa tongue, and I can only repeat it as it was translated to me afterward. It will remind you, in parts, of the flood and Noah and the ark:

"Big waters came, and there was nothing anywhere except water, and the sky, and the sun, and the stars," said the old Chippewa. "Nan-ab-beju made a great raft, and put on it some relic of everything that had been on the earth: specimens of each kind of animals, of all the trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, birds, rocks,—and one man and one woman. In short, he did not leave out anything except

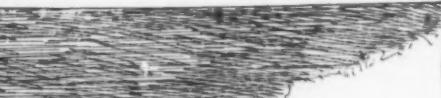
sand. He forgot to save some sand, and yet he could not do anything without it. He sailed out far into the flood and made a little island, very, very small. Then he found he had no sand. He made a very big line, longer than hundreds of deerskins cut up into ribbons and tied together, and he took a muskrat off the raft and tied the line to it, and threw it



"IN A FEW DAYS THE BUFFALOES CAME BACK."

into the water. The frightened rat dove down and down, and when there was no longer any pulling at the line Nan-ab-beju knew the rat was at the bottom of the sea. Then he began to pull the line up. At the end of it came the poor muskrat, stone dead, drowned. But Nan-ab-beju saw that the little black paws of the animal were clenched as if there was something in their palms that the rat had held tight hold of even after death. The little paws were forced open, and in them were found half a dozen grains of sand. One grain would have been enough for the great Nan-ab-beju.

"Nan-ab-beju blew his breath on the muskrat, and its life came back to it. Then he mixed the sand in the little island that he had made, and blew on that also. As he blew and blew, it swelled and swelled until it was so big that Nan-ab-beju could not see the sides or end of it in any direction. Nan-ab-beju was not quite certain whether he had made it as big as the old earth before the big water came. He had to make it as big as it had been; so big, in fact, that no man or creature could find the end of it. He had plenty of animals that could travel over the earth and find out how big it was, so



he decided to take two huge buffaloes off the raft and send them to see whether there was any end to what he had made. The buffaloes ran off with all speed, and Nan-ab-beju sat down and waited. In a few days the buffaloes came back and said they had found the end of the earth. So Nan-ab-beju blew and blew and blew on the ground again, and it swelled so fast that you could see it broadening. When he had blown until he was tired he took a crow off the raft and sent it to see if it could find the end of the earth. The crow was gone a very long time, but at last it came sailing back on the wind and said it had flown till it was tired out and there was no sign of any end to the earth.

"Nan-ab-beju, to make sure, blew again and swelled the earth a great deal bigger. Then he untied and uncaged and untrapped all the animals and drove them from the raft on to the land, and left them free to roam where they might. He took all the trees, plants, bushes, and shrubs, and planted them around; and he blew the grass out of his hands as hard as he could blow it, so that it scattered all over. Next he let loose all the birds and beetles and bugs and snakes and toads and butterflies; and, finally, he invited the man and woman, both Chippewas, to go ashore and make the new earth their hunting-ground. And Nan-ab-beju's task was done."

HOW TO STUDY PICTURES.

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN.

A series of articles for the older girls and boys who read "St. Nicholas."

TENTH PAPER.

COMPARING BRETON WITH MILLET.

JULES BRETON (BORN 1827); JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET (BORN 1814, DIED 1875).

HERE are two pictures of peasant subjects, and, as it happens, with very similar titles: Jules

As the meek women stoop, one carries her left hand behind her back and the other's elbow is lifted backward. If you imitate for yourself the action of leaning down and extending one hand, you will find that the other has an in-



"THE GLEANERS." BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

Breton's "The Gleaner," and "The Gleaners" by Jean François Millet.

With what a proud courage Breton's girl strides through the field! How painfully Millet's women are stooping!—their figures are clumsy, uncouthly clad, and you cannot see their faces. The girl, however, is dressed in a manner that sets off her powerful and supple form; her face is strong, and its expression haughtily independ-

ent. As the meek women stoop, one carries her left hand behind her back and the other's elbow is lifted backward. If you imitate for yourself the action of leaning down and extending one hand, you will find that the other has an in-

voluntary tendency to go back in order to maintain the balance. This natural tendency of the human body to secure its balance is a principle that the best artists rely upon to produce a perfect poise of rest or movement in their figures.

Now study the arms in Breton's picture. The left one — with what a gesture of elegant decision it is placed upon the hip! — while the right has the elbow thrown out with an

action of freedom and energy. Evidently the girl is not tired, or the elbow would seek support against the chest. Her hands, too, are finely shaped, and the fingers spread themselves rather daintily. I wonder if so light a grasp as that of the right hand on a few heads of wheat would really hold the sheaf in place upon her shoulder! I wonder, also, how her bare, shapely feet withstood the pricks of the stubble! I notice that Millet's women have prudently kept on their clumsy wooden sabots.

But now turn the inquiry toward your own experience. If you went into a wheat-field, where peasants were gleaning, would you expect to see a beautiful, proud girl like Breton's, unfatigued by her toil, or homely women like Millet's? I fancy you would be more likely to meet the latter, and I doubt if anywhere in France you might come across such a type as Breton's, which is rather that of the women of the Roman Campagna, a noble remnant of the classic times. She is unquestionably a handsome creature.

But beauty does not consist only in what is pleasing to the eye; there is a beauty also which appeals to the mind. "Truth is beauty, and beauty is truth." Perhaps, if we study Millet's picture, we shall find that it has a beauty of its own in its truth to nature. His women are not posing for their picture. Quite unconscious of anybody's gaze, they are absorbed in their toil, doing simply what they are supposed to be doing in the most natural way. They are very poor, these peasants; working early and late, and, despite all their labor, keeping body and soul together with difficulty; a meek, God-fearing race, roughened and drawn out of shape by toil.

With what an intimate insight into the lives of these people as well as into their occupation Millet represents them! He paints them, not as if he were a city gentleman visiting the country,

but as if he belonged to their own class. And, as a fact, he did. He was the son of a small farmer, and had bent his own back under the scorching sun and felt the smell of the earth in



"THE GLEANER." BY JULES BRETON.

his nostrils. But an uncle, who was a priest, had taught him as a boy, so that in his manhood he read Shakspere and Vergil in the original texts. Therefore, although he was of the peasant life, he was greater than it, and he brought to the interpretation of its most inti-

mate facts a largeness of view and depth of sympathy which make his pictures much more than studies of peasants. They are types. He painted a picture of a sower that is now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York; and when we have once grasped the fullness of its meaning, it becomes to us the type of the sower; so that we could not look on another picture of similar subject without instinctively comparing it in our mind with Millet's.

Breton, on the other hand, had never toiled in the fields; he pursued the usual routine of study through the art schools, whereas Millet, "wild man of the woods," as the other students called him, tried the usual methods only to abandon them. He could not master, or bring himself to care about, the elegancies and refinements of drawing as practised in the schools. In these Breton is proficient. He has also written very creditable poetry; so that, when he went into the fields for subjects, he had the teaching of the schools in mind and the sentiment of a poet in his heart. Accordingly, he freely translated the peasant into both.

Note, then, these two ways of reaching a poetical result: Breton had beautiful ideas, and used the peasant as a peg on which to hang them; Millet, with no direct thought of being poetical, sought only to portray the truth as he saw and felt it. But he has represented the dull, homely facts with such an insight into the relation which they bear to the lives of the people engaged in them, that he has created—and this is the great accomplishment of the poet—an atmosphere of imagination around the facts.

In our era Millet's method has prevailed both in literature and in painting. The present is an age of what has been called naturalism, and one of the master minds who helped to make it so was Millet.

His early life was very close to nature. His father's farm was at Gruchy, in the hilly department of Manche, which juts out like a promontory into the English Channel. In that narrow strip the sea is nowhere far off. He grew up in the air of the hills and of the sea—surroundings bringing sturdiness of character and development of imagination, if a boy chance to have either of these. And the young Millet

had. He knew nothing of art or artists, but he had the desire to represent what he saw, and in the interims of work upon the farm he would copy the engravings in the family Bible, or take a piece of charcoal and draw upon a white wall. By the time he was eighteen a family council was held, and it was decided that the father should take him to Cherbourg and consult a local painter as to Jean's prospects. The painter advised his studying art and undertook to teach him. However, he worked in Cherbourg only two months, for then his father died and he had to return home to resume his work as a farm laborer. Three more years he labored, until the municipality of Cherbourg provided a sum of money to enable him to go to Paris to study. He was now twenty-three, a broad-chested Hercules, awkward and shy, his big head covered with long fair hair, with nothing to denote intellectual force except a pair of piercing dark-blue eyes. Delaroche, to whose studio he attached himself, was kind to him; but Millet could not understand the large classical pictures that the master painted. To him they seemed artificial, with no real sentiment. Ringing in his ears, even then, as he used to say in later life, was the "cry of the soil,"—memories of his home life, that in some way he wanted to learn to paint. Delaroche's studio was no place for him, and after a little while he left it.

Then followed eight years of beating the air. He married and had to bestir himself for a living; he tried to paint what the people seemed to like—pretty little figure subjects; but prettiness was not in his line, and the attempt to seek it disgusted him. Suddenly he made the great resolve to paint what he wished to, and could, paint, and in 1848 produced "The Winnower." It represented a clumsy peasant, in uncouth working-clothes, stooping over a sieve as he shakes it to and fro. From the point of view of the academies, a shockingly vulgar picture! Yet it sold for five hundred francs (\$100). Millet now had the courage of his convictions.

His friend Jacque, afterward the celebrated painter and etcher of sheep and poultry, told him of a little place with a name ending in "zon," near the forest of Fontainebleau, where

they could live cheaply and study from nature. The two painters, with their wives and children, rumbled out of Paris in a cart which took them to the town of Fontainebleau. Thence they proceeded on foot through the forest. It was very wild in those days. "How beautiful!" was Millet's constant exclamation. Arrived at Barbizon, they were welcomed at Ganne's Inn by Rousseau, Diaz, and the other artists who lived in the village, and invited to the evening meal. When a fresh painter came into the colony it was the custom to take down from the wall a certain big pipe, that, as the newcomer puffed at it, the company might judge from the rings of smoke whether he was to be reckoned among the "Academics" or the "colorists."

Jacque was proclaimed a colorist; but, some uncertainty being expressed concerning Millet, the latter exclaimed, "Ah, well, if you are embarrassed, put me in a class of my own." "A good answer," cried Diaz; "and he looks strong and big enough to hold his own in it." The little pleasantry was prophetic.

But its fulfilment was deferred for many years, during which Millet worked on in poverty; pictures that now would bring large sums of money being refused at the exhibitions of the Salon and finding no purchasers. A hint of his condition is contained in a letter to his friend Sensier, acknowledging the receipt of twenty dollars: "I have received the hundred francs. They came just at the right time. Neither my wife nor I had tasted food for twenty-four hours. It is a blessing that the little ones, at any rate, have not been in want."

It was only from about his fortieth year that his pictures began to sell at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred francs each. Rousseau, who had himself known the extremes of poverty, was the first to give him a large sum, buying "The Wood-cutter" for four thousand francs, under the pretense that it was for an American purchaser. It was resold at the Hartmann sale in 1880 for 133,000 francs. By the beginning of the sixties, however, Millet's reputation was no longer in question. At the

Paris Exposition of 1867 he was represented by nine pictures and received the grand medal. In the Salon of 1869 he was on the hanging committee! But he still continued what has been happily called his "life of sublime monotony"; his sojourn in Barbizon being interrupted only during the war of 1871, when he retired to Cherbourg, painting there some fine pictures of the sea. He died in 1875, at the age of sixty, and was buried in the little church-yard of Chailly, overlooking the forest. A rock in the latter bears a bronze tablet on which a sculptor has represented side by side the bust-portraits of Rousseau, the father of modern French landscape, and Millet, the artist of the people who work in the fields.

In his own words, Millet tried to depict "the fundamental side of men and things." His subject was the peasant life: not the representation of it such as one sees in opera, nor the pretty, sentimental aspect of it; but the actual drama of labor continuously proceeding through the four seasons—the "cry of the soil," echoing in the hearts of the patient, plodding, God-fearing toilers. Everything was typical. We have spoken of his "Sower." Of another picture the critic Castagnary wrote: "Do you remember his 'Reaper'? He might have reaped the whole earth!"

Everything that Millet did was full of a deep seriousness and sincerity. He never was an "easy" painter, so that his greatness as an artist is perhaps more clear in the black-and-white than in the colored subjects. Certainly in his crayon drawings, lithographs, and etchings he proved himself to be one of that limited number of artists who may be reckoned master-draftsmen. Moreover, the character that he expresses is of that grand and elemental quality which sometimes reminds us of Michelangelo.

Millet's influence produced a host of painters of the peasant, among whom the strongest are the Frenchman L'Hermitte, and Israels the Dutchman. These, like him, have represented their subject with sympathy and with understanding also. Breton, however, has not.



BY THE SEA IN AUGUST WEATHER.

By MARGARET HAMILTON.



We are n't lonesome, are we, Guy?

How can days be dull for her
Here, where everything 's astir?
Fish-hawks flap and dance and dive,
And the marsh is all alive
With the fluttering, rosy mallows,
And the wee fins stir the shallows;
Lantern-headed dragon-flies,
Gleaming like the blue-green eyes
In a peacock's gorgeous tail,
Through the meadow sail and sail;
Snipe above the breakers flit,
With their tiny twit-twit-twit,
Or perhaps go running past
On their magic stilts, too fast

For the white-maned wave to reach
As it races up the beach;
Gray song-sparrows teeter-teeter,
Swinging, singing, sweeter, sweeter,
On the long, light-green sea-grasses,
Swaying as the sea-breeze passes.
When the wind blows from the west,
Every wave will wear a crest,
If it 's blue and sunny weather,—
One fine rainbow like a feather!
Sometimes, too, the billow brings
Scores of fishes, helpless things!
And along the sands they shine
In a leaping silver line,
Showing just the last wave's track;
And I try to put them back.

Then the sunny afternoons
All along the shining dunes!
And the bathing! when you sway
Up and down in foam and spray
Till the breakers' plunging roar
Sweeps you shouting back to shore!

Where could any mortal be
Happier than beside the sea!



"THEN THE SUNNY AFTERNOONS
ALL ALONG THE SHINING DUNES!"

THE IMPUDENT GUINEA-PIG.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

No other creature is so absolutely graceful as a rattlesnake, and none more gentle in intention. It is only against imposition that he protests. Our forefathers had learned a not unworthy lesson from their contact with nature in the New World when they put upon the first flag of the colonies a rattlesnake with the Latin legend, *Nemo me impune lacessit*—"No one wounds me with impunity." The flag of independence, however, only half told the real meaning of its emblem—the warning, and not the self-restraint. There is a device, to my notion, much more expressive: a rattlesnake rampant, with the Spanish motto, *Ni huyes ni persigues*—"Thou needst not flee, but thou must not pursue." Or, in other words, "I impose upon no one; no one must impose upon me." That is the real meaning of the rattlesnake, as any one can testify who knows him well.

I chanced one day to enter the market in Los Angeles, and was surprised to find in one of the stalls a large collection of rattlesnakes, mostly brought in from the Mojave desert. It was the first time I had ever seen the crotalus sold in the stalls of a city market; and as they went at the very reasonable figure of fifty cents apiece, I promptly purchased a pair. The dealer, with a noose of cord, lassoed the two I indicated, and after some manoeuvering got them stowed in two large cigar-boxes which he tied up tightly. Reaching home safely with my new pets, I made them a roomy cage with wire-screen front and a sliding door on top, and transferred them to it without much difficulty. One was a strong, handsome fellow five feet long and with fifteen rattles; the other was about three feet in length and had an ordinary "string."

The dealer told me they had eaten nothing in six months; and fancying it must be about lunch-time with them, I went down-town, as soon as they were comfortably settled in the

new quarters, to get them food. A rattle, you know, will touch no dead meat, so I had to seek some living bait. After ransacking the markets I found at last one young cuye—the funny little South American, generally mis-called among us the "guinea-pig." It was about half-grown—a very proper-sized morsel for the larger snake.

My friends rattled a little as I opened the slide on the top of their cage, promptly closing it as I dropped the cuye in. But, to my surprise, they paid no further attention to the newcomer, except to appear very much bored by him; and, stranger yet, the guinea-pig showed no sign whatever of fear. I have so often watched birds, rabbits, dogs, horses, cattle, and other animals—up to the strongest and boldest—in presence of the rattlesnake, and have always noted in them such unmistakable tokens of terror, that it astonished me to find this pretty little white-and-tan creature so utterly unconcerned. In dropping from the door he alighted squarely upon the backs of the snakes, whereupon they drew away uneasily; and he proceeded to look and sniff about, very much as you may have seen a rabbit do. I stood by the cage a long time, expecting the snakes to lose patience at last and enact a tragedy; but nothing happened. The cuye scurried freely about the cage, generally treading upon the irregular loops which covered most of the floor; and the snakes neither rattled nor raised their heads at him.

For fully a week the three lodged together harmoniously. Sometimes, on entering the room, I found the guinea-pig quietly reposing inside the careless coil of one of his strange bedfellows. Several times he was squatting upon them, and more than once sitting squarely upon the head of one! I began to wonder if there were anything constitutionally wrong with the snakes. Whether they deemed him too big or too foolish to be eaten, I have never

known; but, whatever the reason, they made no motion toward eating him. Unfortunately, he did not know how to return a favor.

One afternoon I was writing at my desk, when a tremendous rattling behind me caused me to jump up and go to the cage. The smaller snake was up in arms, skirring his rattle violently, while the larger one was twisting uneasily about, but not showing fight. And what do you imagine ailed him? Why, that miserable cuye was perched upon him, coolly nibbling that beautiful rattle, of which only three or four beads were left! In my righteous indignation I tore open the slide and "snaked out" the vandal as quickly as possible. Afterward it occurred to me to wonder that I had not been struck; for nothing so alarms and angers a crotalus as a swift motion like that with which I had removed the cuye. The rattles never grew again, and my best snake was spoiled. Why the cuye should have cared to eat that mysterious husk which is so absolutely dry and flavorless, I can explain only by adding that rats and mice have the same perverted taste, and that it seems fairly a passion with them. I have had many skins and rattles eaten up by them.

Shortly after this episode one of our helpers in the office found a nest of mice, and, mindful of my hungry snakes, I contrived to catch

one mouse alive. When the rattlers saw him through their screen, they manifested such a lively interest as nothing had aroused in them before. I cautiously opened the slide in the top of the cage, held the mouse up by the tail, and let him drop.

There was a fair illustration of the matchless agility of the crotalus when he *cares* to be quick. The cage was just twelve inches high in the clear; but before the falling mouse was half-way to the bottom, there was an indescribable gray blur, and I knew that the larger snake had hit him. I have improved numerous chances to study the stroke of the rattlesnake, which is the swiftest motion made by any living creature; but that particular case, better than any other, gave me a conception of its actual rapidity. From years of experience with the pneumatic shutter in photographing objects in rapid motion, I should say the snake's head traversed that twelve or fifteen inches in something like the three-hundredth part of a second.

The mouse fell upon the floor of the cage, and it never moved again. The snake knew perfectly that it had done its work, for in place of "recovering" for another stroke, as they invariably do after a failure, he swallowed the mouse in the usual slow and painful fashion, with as much apparent effort as a morsel four times as large should have given him.

A MESSENGER.

By L. S.

LITTLE Jack by the seaside stands,
Watching the setting sun.
He runs to the beach at eventide,
For his day of play is done.

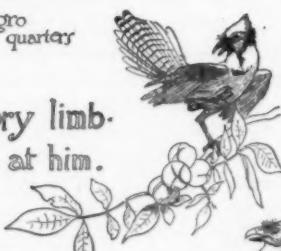
His father has gone to the China seas,
For a cruise of a year and more;
And little Jack is left behind,
On the edge of Long Island shore.

He kisses his hand as the sun sinks down,
And murmurs a message low:
"When you shine on father to-morrow morn,
Just tell him Jack says 'Hello.'"

"Supper is ready," the black nurse calls.
Jack answers, "I can't come, Dinah;
The sun has a message to give to dad—
I'll wait till he gets to China."

Nonsense Rhyme.

from the Negro quarters



JAY-BIRD a-sittin' on a Hickory limb.
He winked at me, I winked at him.
'Taint gwine to rain no mo.'

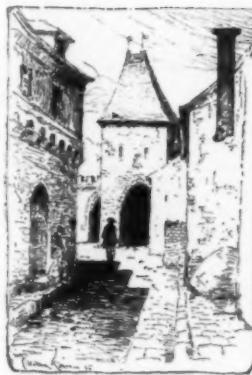
HAWK and BUZZARD went to law;
Hawk fell down and broke his jaw.
'Taint gwine to rain no mo.'

WOh, de Wren an de Thrush go clackety-clack,
Dey bose talk at once an dey bose talk back,
Dey say: "Jim Crow, my but you is black!"
'Taint gwine to rain no mo.'



THE OLD WIDOW AND HER CAT.

BY H. MARIA GEORGE.



war in the land, for the Earl and his subjects did not live very pleasantly together, and many men had been killed, and, among others, Mechic's husband, whose name was Dolph. He had been but a simple diker; but if he had been a knight, Mechic could not have missed him more. Dolph had always been industrious and had received good wages for his labor, and Mechic had never known what want was while he lived; but now that her husband was dead, she was very poor; and often she could find no work, and so her provisions would run very low.

She lived in a small hovel in one of the dark, narrow lanes of the city. There was only one room on the ground floor, which was of earth covered with straw. A square window, with latticed bars across it in checkers, let in all the light there was. In the small fireplace hung the crane, and on it was the dinner-pot, which was often empty. Two or three wooden benches, a rough table, and a bed were the only furniture. On the table were some pewter and wooden dishes, and above it on the wall was a small brass lamp.

In one corner of the room stood a short ladder that led to the loft above, where the

N Bruges, a city of the Netherlands, lived, a long time ago, a widow whose name was Mechic—the only name by which she was known. The country was called Flanders then, and was ruled over by a very powerful prince called an earl. There was

children slept. The children and a large black cat were all Mechic had—she had no other friends in the world to whom she could apply for help or advice.

The cat had belonged to the oldest son, Max, who was gone to the wars to fight for his sovereign, Earl Louis. The cat's name was Nebuchadnezzar. Max had raised him from a kitten, and given him his name—a very large name, it seemed at that time, for so small a cat. He was now large, and proved to be a voracious eater; but, though she found it difficult to procure enough for all to eat, the widow kept him because he had belonged to her good, brave Max.

Two years before, Max, who was a sturdy lad, had helped his father, as a mason's apprentice, in the work upon the dike; but he had been absent more than a year now, and during the time Mechic had heard nothing from him. She began to fear that he was dead. There had been a number of battles, and in the last one the Earl had been defeated by his enemies.

Bruges itself was in a state of siege by the rebel men of Ghent, led by the brave and energetic Philip of Artevelde, a young man of great promise and ability.

Affairs grew worse daily for the poor widow. Food was scarce in the city and brought high prices, and Mechic could find no lace to weave, as she had formerly done. Tirelessly she walked up and down the now nearly deserted streets, and tried in all the shops to get work to do. The children could be spared but a pittance, and the widow herself often went supperless to bed.

Nebuchadnezzar was so lazy and exerted himself so little that he did not grow gaunt. Every day he sat on the window ledge, purring in the sun, as happy and contented a grimalkin as ever lived. Work he would not, and if he got a piece of barley bread or a black crust

from his mistress's scanty store, he troubled himself for nothing more save his long nap on the window ledge.

But things grew so bad at last that the widow began to fear that she could not get even a barley crust for her children, much less supply Nebuchadnezzar with a meal. Absolute hunger stared her in the face. There was not a crumb in the house to eat, and she was without money to buy anything.

Mechie was truly disconsolate. Her children were indeed quiet now; but on the morrow she knew there would be wailing for food, and where could she get any? There was no alternative but that they must starve.

At that moment her eyes chanced to rest on Nebuchadnezzar, who sat purring, with his eyes open, upon his usual throne. A thought as if born of inspiration rushed into her mind.

In more prosperous days Berthold the Burgomaster had offered Max a gold piece for his cat, and Max had refused it. Would the rich burgomaster buy him now? If so, why not sacrifice him and save her children? They would grieve for the loss of their pet; but, at any rate, it was better than starvation. She wondered that she had not thought of it before.

The widow rose from her chair and approached the table. She looked at the boiling pot, and thought of the savory dishes that one gold piece would purchase.

Suddenly she paused. She thought of Max. What would he say if he should come back and find Nebuchadnezzar gone? The cat had been her boy's chief pet, and it was all she had now to remember him by. Even the cradle in which she had rocked him and the other children had been sold to buy food for her little ones.

The cat still blinked and purred on the window ledge, the very place where Max had taught him to lie. Mechie could almost see Max himself, just as he had stood there a thousand times in the old days. Tears sprang to her eyes as she thought of her dear boy.



Just then one of the children in the loft above awoke from her sleep and cried for something to eat. The cry went to the mother's heart. Max could not want them all to starve, and the price that Nebuchadnezzar would bring would prolong their lives for a few days at least. She crept softly up to the window ledge.

But Nebuchadnezzar seemed all at once to arouse from his usual idleness. Something in the widow's manner, the gleam of her eye, awakened his feline suspicions. With a yowl of mingled surprise and affright, he got up, looked hastily about him, and then sprang through the latticed window and dashed away.

Mechie sat down in her chair and cried. She was half glad that Nebuchadnezzar had escaped; but the thought of her starving children pierced her heart.

"Perhaps Nebuchadnezzar will come back in the morning, and there will yet be time." This was the thought in her mind as she went to sleep.

But when the morning came it did not bring Nebuchadnezzar. The house was lonesome without him. She kept the door open all day, but the cat did not return. When it was dark she closed the door and lit her lamp.

It was a still summer night, and for a long while Mechie heard nothing save the cry of a sentinel from time to time on the wall. This was a common greeting, and the widow kept on with her work,—the darning of a little ragged frock,—undisturbed by any thought of danger. She finished her task at last, and was about putting out her light when loud, fierce shouts startled her.

"Our enemies are in the city," she said to herself; and though she hated the men who had slain her husband, she was almost glad for her children's sakes, for she thought that now she could get something for them to eat.

She waited a long time, but the tumult seemed to increase rather than to diminish. Amid the shouting and the noise of tramping soldiery, Mechie heard a low, faint mew at the door.

"It is our Nebuchadnezzar," she thought; and she went to the door and opened it.

Sure enough, it was Nebuchadnezzar, who

rushed in with a glad cry, but behind him Mechie saw the tall figure of a man.

"I am Earl Louis, thy sovereign," said the stranger, hoarsely, and panting for breath; "and evil men seek my life. Give me shelter and refuge, and Heaven will reward you."



"SHE TRIED IN ALL THE SHOPS TO GET WORK TO DO."

"I am only a poor widow, but such as I have I give you," answered Mechie. "My lord, enter."

Never before had the powerful Earl of Flanders entered so humble an abode; but he was glad even for this refuge, for his strait was desperate. The widow conducted him to the loft and showed him six children asleep on a bed of straw.

"Conceal thyself quickly, for I hear thy pursuers already at the door," she said, pointing to the straw.

The great man hastily crept over the slumbering children, and, finding some loose straw, crept far under the eaves and heaped the straw over and beside him till he was completely hidden.

Meanwhile, a loud pounding had summoned the widow to the door again.

"Where is the man who has just entered thy hut?" demanded a savage man of Ghent.

"I am a widow and live here alone with my children," she answered, trembling with fear.

"Nay, but we saw the light upon the way, as it glared forth from the open door."

"My cat came in from the street. If there be a man within, search and find him."

The man cast a quick glance within. He saw the ladder leading to the loft, and, taking the light from the widow's hands, he hurriedly ascended. A row of children huddled together and a loose mass of straw was all that he saw, and he descended muttering.

"The hag is right," he grumbled. "There is only a nest of children sleeping together, and there is n't room enough for an ant to hide, much less the Earl of Flanders."

Uttering cries of balked vengeance, the throng of Ghent men pushed on, and patrolled the streets until morning, stopping every person who, as they thought, might in any way be connected with the Earl of Flanders, or endeavoring to be in communication with him.

In the meantime the Earl, with a thankful heart for his wonderful preservation, went to sleep in the company of the young children who shared his humble couch of straw. Sorely wearied by fatigue, he slept as soundly in the mud hovel of the poor widow as though he had lain on a down bed in one of his own palace chambers.

The next morning was the Sabbath, and the great Earl was awakened by the wondering cries of the children.

"How funny! Brother Max has come to bed with his clothes on," cried one little boy.

"Hush, Minna!" cried Hans; "it is not Max, and he may be angry with you for mistaking his name."

"Nay, I am a friend to you all," said Earl Louis. "From this hour forward count the Earl of Flanders your protector."

The children were awed to silence at the mention of that great name, and the Earl presently descended to the lower room, in which he found the devout widow singing her Sunday-morning hymn. When Mechie saw him she gave a great cry.

"Where is my son? Oh, tell me, where is Max, my boy? Thou hast on his clothes!"

The Earl looked first at the widow and then at his clothes, and then he noticed a great black cat purring about his feet, for Nebuchadnezzar had jumped from his perch and

"The hand of God is in it!" cried the Earl, solemnly. "Much do I owe thee and thine. It was thy son who risked his own life by making this generous exchange. And if it had

not been for this black beast here, I never should have found thy cot," and he stooped and stroked the soft hide of Nebuchadnezzar.

"I was wandering, lost and exhausted," continued the Earl, "when this cat rushed out from a dark corner, appearing as if pleased to see me. Following him, I came to your door. A moment before I had given up all hope of life, for my enemies were coming up from every side, let in by that traitor, De Mareschant."

"And the night before I was going to sell the faithful fellow," said the widow; "for we were starving; and now my sovereign owes him his life."

"Thou shalt know want no longer, nor shall thy family," he said, placing in her hands a purse of gold crowns. "Let thy children now go and buy bread."

"I will take only enough to buy us some food," interrupted Mechic. "The rest thou needest more than we, for thou art not yet out of danger, and it has cost us nothing to shelter thee. It is almost like seeing Max to see thee here."

"When I have my rights again the widow of Dolph the diker shall not regret that she entertained her sovereign," replied the Earl; and he did not forget his promise.

He stopped all that day with the widow, keeping a better Sabbath than he had for a long time before; and the following night succeeded in making his escape out of the city, still disguised in the humble dress that had



"IT WAS NEBUCHADNEZZAR, AND BEHIND HIM MECHIE SAW THE TALL FIGURE OF A MAN."

approached him as though he were an old friend.

"The clothes are not my own, surely; but whose they are I cannot say. I took them in exchange from a friendly stranger, who wore away my own princely suit."

"It must have been my son Max, for the clothes are those of my own making," asserted Mechic. "He wore them away from here a year ago, when he went to fight under your banner against the men of Ghent."

"If indeed 't was he, he has won his golden spurs," said Louis. "But who art thou to whom the Earl of Flanders owes his life?"

"I am the widow of Dolph the diker, whom the men of Ghent slew when he was at work for his sovereign, and Max is my oldest son."

been worn by Max. In the meantime Max was having exciting adventures. On one occasion he was set upon by a burly man of Ghent who, seeing on Max the remnant of the Earl's fine clothes, believed him to be one of that noble's courtiers. He was obliged to defend himself with his sword. Although his antagonist was much larger than he, his youth and agility served him, and he managed to disable his opponent sufficiently to permit of his own escape. He finally succeeded in rejoining the forces of the Earl, who had reached Lisle, one of his loyal towns, in safety; and an army soon gathered



"ON ONE OCCASION MAX WAS SET UPON BY A BURLY MAN OF GHENT."



"THEY PATROLLED THE STREETS, STOPPING EVERY PERSON WHO, AS THEY THOUGHT, MIGHT IN ANY WAY BE CONNECTED WITH THE EARL OF FLANDERS."

around him quite large enough to enable him to take the field against his rebellious subjects.

In a great battle he completely defeated the

Gantois, and Philip of Artevelde, their leader, was slain. Ghent and Bruges were delivered up to him, and Flanders once more passed under the sway of its rightful lord.

Max was found with the Earl's velvet mantle and plumed cap upon his person, and Louis himself went with him to his mother's. There was rejoicing that night in the widow's cottage. The children each had a present, and even Nebuchadnezzar was not forgotten.

But there was a statelier ceremony the next day at the Earl's castle, when Max had the honor of knighthood bestowed upon him, and was given jewels and a velvet mantle of his own.

Mechie and her children all became the protégés of the Earl, who gave them a fine large house and gold enough to enable the widow to pass her last days in comfort.

As for Nebuchadnezzar, he grew lazier and fatter still, and loved the sunlight more and more. But he did not now sit on a hard wooden window-seat as formerly. He had a cushion made of velvet and edged with gold lace, and wore a collar all of gold; for Max said that if it had not been for the faithful cat, they would none of them have found their good fortune.

WARBLER WAYS.

With photographs by Herman T. Bohlman.

By WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY.



gray rocks and glides past a clump of firs and maples. Star-flowers gleam from the darker places of shade, white anemones are scattered in the green of the grass-blades and ferns, and Linnean bells overhang the moss-covered logs.

As one sits here in the midst of the woods the chords of every sense are stretched. His eye catches the cautious movements of furry and feathered creatures. His heart vibrates with the rhythmic throbbing of the forest pulse.

One day, as I lay idling in this favorite haunt, a shadow caught in the net of sunbeams spread under the maple. A black-throated gray warbler fidgeted on the limb above with a straw in her bill. This was pleasing. I had searched the locality for years, trying to find the home of this shy bird, and here was a conclusive piece of evidence thrust squarely in my face.

The site of the nest was twelve feet from the ground, in the top of a sapling. A week and a half later, I parted the branches and found a cup of grasses, feather-lined, nestled in the fork of the fir. There lay four eggs of a pinkish tinge, touched with dots of brown.

The chief source of satisfaction in a camera study of bird life comes not in the odd-time chances of observation, but in a continued

period of leisure, when one may spend his entire time about bird homes just as he takes a week's vacation at the sea-shore. To be a successful amateur bird-photographer one has fairly to make a business of lying in wait for his subjects hour after hour, day by day, and maybe week after week.

The real value of photography is that it records the truth. The person who photographs birds successfully has to study his subjects long and carefully. He is not likely, therefore, to get only a scanty set of notes and be compelled to complete his observations when he is seated in the comfortable chair of his study. For this reason, a camera in the hands of some of the recent nature-writers would be of great value to science, if they could picture some of the humanized habits of creatures they have described with the pen. Of course, in the study of art, we may try to improve on nature, but in nature-study truth is the important element. We might as well understand that a beast or bird is interesting because of its own wild individuality, not because it is a man dressed in fur or feathers.

Of course it showed a pure lack of discretion to try to picture the home of such a shy warbler during the days of incubation, but I half believe the feathered owners would have overlooked this, had it not been for the pair of blue jays that buccaneered that patch of fir. While we were getting a picture I saw them eying us curiously; but they slunk away among the dark firs, squawking jay-talk about something I did n't understand. Two days later we skirted the clump to see if the sense of warbler propriety had been too severely shocked by the camera. In an instant I translated every syllable of what that pair of blue pirates had squawked. The scattered remnants of the nest and the broken bits of shell told all.

These gray warblers, however much they were upset by the camera-fiend and blue-jay

depredations, were not to be thwarted. They actually went to housekeeping again within forty yards of the old home site. The new nest was placed in a fir sapling very like the first, but better hidden from marauding blue-jays. It was supremely better located from the photographer's point of view. Just at the side of the



"A CUP OF GRASSES, FEATHER-LINED, NESTLED IN THE FORK OF THE FIR."

new site was the sawed-off stump of an old fir, upon which we climbed and aimed the camera straight into the nest. There, instead of four, were only two small nestlings. They stretched their skinny necks and opened wide their yellow-lined mouths in an attitude of unmistakable hunger.

The moment the mother returned and found us so dangerously near her brood, she was scared almost out of her senses. She fell from the top of the tree in a fluttering fit. She caught, quivering, on the limb a foot from my hand. Involuntarily, I reached to help her. Poor thing! She could n't hold on, but slipped through the branches and clutched my shoe. I never saw such an exaggerated case of the chills, or heard such a pitiful, high-pitched note of pain. I stooped to see what ailed her. What! both wings broken and unable to hold with her claws! She fell like an autumn leaf to the ground. I leaped down, but she had limped under a bush and suddenly got well. Of course I knew she was tricking me.

The next day my heart was hardened against all her alluring wiles and "crocodile" tears.

She played her best, but the minute she failed to win I got a furious berating. It was no beginning-note now. She perched over my head and called me every name in the warbler vocabulary. Then she saw we were actually shoving that cyclopean monster right at her children. "Fly! fly for your lives!" she screamed in desperation. Both the scanty-feathered, bobtailed youngsters jumped blindly out of the nest into the bushes below. The mother outdid all previous performances. She simply doubled and twisted in agonized death-spasms. But, not to be fooled, I kept an eye on one nestling and soon replaced him in the nest where he belonged. Nature always hides such creatures from me by the simple wave of her wand. I 've seen a flock of half a dozen grouse flutter up into a fir and disappear, to my eyes, as mysteriously as fog in the sunshine.

This fidgety bit of featherhood is called the "black-throated gray warbler," but it is only the male that has a black throat. He is not the whole species. His wife wears a white cravat, and she, to my thinking, is a deal more important in warbler affairs. Mr. Warbler seemed unavoidably detained away from home on matters of business or social importance the greater part of the day, when the children were crying for food.

The first day we really met the gentleman face to face we were trying to get a photograph



"THERE, INSTEAD OF FOUR, WERE ONLY TWO SMALL NESTLINGS."

of the mother as she came home to feed. She had gotten quite used to the camera. We had it leveled point-blank at the nest, only a yard distant. A gray figure came flitting over the

tree-top and planted himself on the limb right beside his home. He carried a green cut-



"I'VE OFTEN SEEN DISPUTES ARISE WHILE THE MOTHER WAS AWAY."

worm in his mouth. No sooner had he squatted on his accustomed perch than he caught sight of the cyclops camera. With an aston-

I could not tell one nestling from the other. As I sat watching the mother the questions often arose in my mind: Does she recognize one child from the other? Does she feed them in turn, or does she poke the food down the first open mouth she sees? Here is a good chance to experiment, I thought. So with a good supply of 5 by 7 plates we watched and photographed from early in the morning till late in the afternoon for three days. At the end of that time we had eight pictures, or rather four pairs, each of which was taken in the same order as the mother fed her young.

The warblers foraged the firs for insects of all sizes and colors. The digestive organs



"THE MOTHER FEED THE NEAREST NESTLING."



"FOR ALL HIS BEGGING THE NEAREST GOT A KNOCK."

ished chirp he dropped his worm, turned a back somersault, and all I saw was a meteor streak of gray curving up over the pointed firs. I doubt if he lit or felt any degree of safety till he reached the opposite bank of the river.

We met his lordship again the following day. The mother was doing her best to lure us from the nest by her deceiving antics. Every visit we had made she kept practising the same old trick. Just as she was putting on a few extra

of those bobtailed bantlings seemed equal to almost any insect I had ever seen.

In the days we spent about the nest I never saw the time when both the bairns were not in a starving mood, regardless of the amount of dinner they had just swallowed. The flutter of wings touched the button that seemed automatically to open their mouths. At the slightest sound I've often seen disputes arise while the mother was away. "I'll take the next!"



"THE GRAY MOTHER REWARDED HIM WITH A MOUTHFUL THAT FAIRLY MADE HIS EYES BULGE."



"ON HER RETURN, SHE DID NOT FORGET THE HUNGRY FLEDGLING STILL IN THE NEST."

agonizing touches, I suddenly saw a glint of gray shoot through the air. The father pounced down and drew the feigning mother away.

said one. "I guess you'll not!" screamed the other. The mother paid no more attention to their quarrels and entreaties than to the cease-

less gurgle of the water. How could she? I don't believe she ever caught sight of her children when their mouths were not open. The fact that the mother fed them impartially appealed in no way to their sense of justice. The one that got the meal quivered his wings in ecstasy, while the other always protested at the top of his voice.

The first pair of pictures in the series was taken while the young were still in the nest.

Again we tried the same experiment of having the mother light between her clamoring children. First the right received a toothsome morsel, notwithstanding the impatient exclamations of the chick on the left. Soon after the hungry bairn on the left got a juicy bite, in spite of the vociferous appeals from the right.

"This way we'll surely baffle the ingenuity of the mother," I thought, as I perched both bantlings on a small limb where they could be



"FIRST THE RIGHT RECEIVED A TOOTHsome MORSEL."



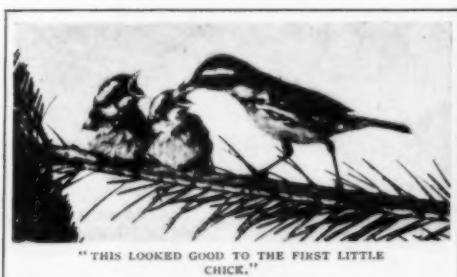
"SOON AFTER THE HUNGRY BAIRN ON THE LEFT GOT A JUICY BITE."

The mother fed the nearest nestling. Changing the plate and adjusting the camera again, we had to wait only three minutes. The bairn at the edge of the nest surely had the advantage of position. But what was position? For all his begging the nearest got a knock on the ear that sent him bawling, while his brother gulped down a fat spider.

Soon after one of the bantlings hopped out on the limb, and the gray mother rewarded

fed only from the right. This looked good to the first little chick, for he seemed to reason that when he opened his mouth wide his mother could not resist his pleadings. He reasoned rightly the first time. On the second appearance of his mother, position did not count for much: it was his brother's turn.

Later in the day I watched the gray warbler coax her two children from the high branches of the fir into the thick, protecting



"THIS LOOKED GOOD TO THE FIRST LITTLE CHICK."



"ON THE SECOND APPEARANCE, POSITION DID NOT COUNT FOR MUCH: IT WAS HIS BROTHER'S TURN."

him with a mouthful that fairly made his eyes bulge. On her return, she did not forget the hungry, more timid fledgling still in the nest.

bushes below. With the keen sense of bird motherhood she led them on, and they followed out into the broad, wide world of bird experience.

MARY AND HER GARDEN.

DRAWN BY KATHARINE GASSAWAY.



MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY, HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?
WITH LARKSPUR AND PHLOX,
AND DAISIES WITH STOCKS,
STIFF AND PRIM, BY THE WALL, IN A ROW.

THE PRACTICAL BOY.

BY JOSEPH H. ADAMS.

TENTH PAPER.

BIRD-BOXES, RABBIT-HUTCHES, AND OTHER PET SHELTERS.

BIRD-BOXES.

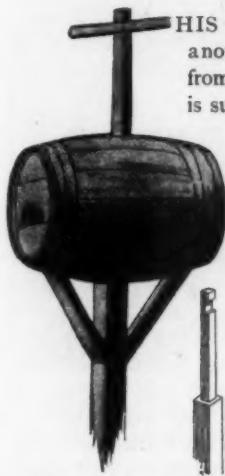


FIG. 1.
A NOVEL BIRD-BOX.

HIS initial illustration shows a novel kind of bird-box made from a small keg. The keg is supported at the top of a post and braced at the bottom with two bracket-pieces. A hole $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter is made at each end of the keg, through which the birds can enter; and the post to which the keg is fastened is cut away at the upper end, as shown in Fig. 2. In one side of the bilge of the keg a hole is cut as large as the post is square or round, and at the other side

a corresponding hole is cut the size of the upper part of the post. The keg is then dropped down over the post so that the shoulder, formed by cutting away the wood, will rest under the upper side of the keg, in which the smaller square hole has been cut.

Bird-houses of an infinite variety of styles can be made by any handy boy. The following directions for pigeon-cotes will serve for these, except that the bird-boxes will be smaller, and perches will be more appropriate than platforms for the birds to alight upon.

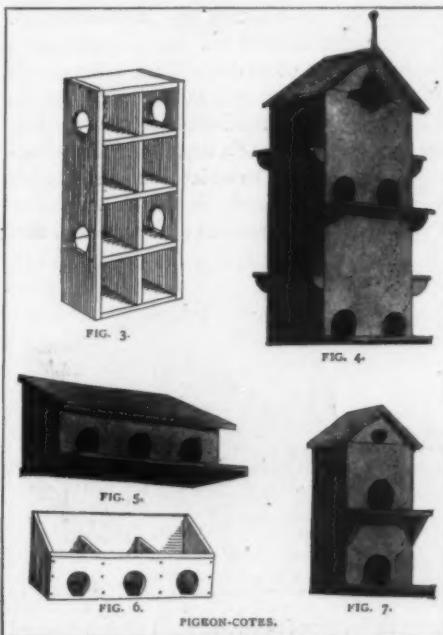
PIGEON-COTES.

FOR ordinary pigeons that fly about the house and barn open cotes will answer; but for valuable pigeons a large wire inclosure should be

made and the lodges placed within them—unless the birds are very tame and will not leave the premises.

Some small pigeon-cotes are pictured in this article. In Fig. 5 a cote with three holes is shown that is easily made from thin boards.

It may measure 30 inches long, 9 inches wide, and 12 inches high at the back, while at the front the board with the holes cut in it may be 9 inches wide, with the holes 5 inches high and 4 inches wide. The wood is put together as



shown in Fig. 6, and the roof boards overhang the ends and front for an inch or two. The upper ends of the two divisions need not extend beyond the height of the front board,

for when the birds are in, this space will give good ventilation. Provide a ledge 3 inches wide, as shown in the cut.

The entrances to the cotes shown in Figs. 3 and 4 are alternated from front to sides. Outside each entrance a ledge 3 inches wide is supported on brackets, and under the pitched roof of the ninth compartment is arranged.

A two-compartment cote is shown in Fig. 7, and under the peaked roof a bird-house is made, to which access can be had through a two-inch hole in the peak.

CHICKEN-COOPS.

EVERY boy is familiar with the ordinary barn-yard chicken-coop, but we give here a novel kind that will be found thoroughly practical. In this a canopy fly of muslin or a piece of stout dress goods is arranged at the front to keep off rain and to give shade. This coop is 3 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 30 inches high at the front, but at the back it need not be more than 24 inches high.

It may be constructed from boards with matched edges, or perhaps from a dry-goods case; and if it is raised from the ground an inch or two, and a few holes bored in the bottom, you will be sure of a dry floor. The cross-rail at the bottom, to which the upright slats are nailed, is 3 inches above the floor.

Outriggers can be nailed at each end so that

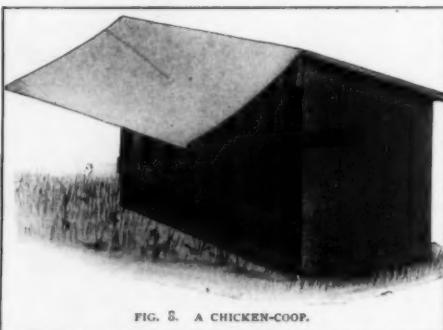


FIG. 8. A CHICKEN-COOP.

about 15 inches of the wood shall project beyond the sides, where a strip may be fastened between the ends. Light canvas or muslin is then tacked to the roof and strips; and with a coat of paint the coop will appear as in the illustration.

BIRD-SHELTERS.

BIRDS do not always seek the shelter of trees in a storm; they will hover about the house and barn, under the eaves and piazza-sheds, where they are protected from the rain and the drippings from wet leaves.

A good shelter is made from a flat barrel-hoop loosely covered with canvas or muslin tacked all around the edge. In the top of a post a wooden peg is driven, and over this the middle of the canvas disk is slipped, a hole having first been made (double-seamed) in the fabric through which the peg can pass. Four wires are to be

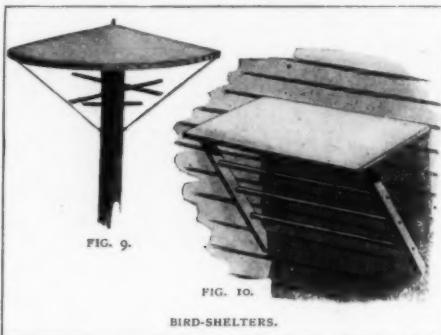


FIG. 10.

BIRD-SHELTERS.

attached to the hoop at equal distances apart, and the lower ends are caught through screw-eyes driven in the post a foot or two from the top. Two or three holes can be made through the post, in which perches may be driven.

A shelter for the side of a house or barn can be made from a piece of thin board, two bracket-strips, and three long dowels or round sticks to act as perches, as shown in Fig. 10.

SQUIRREL-CAGES, ETC.

FOR squirrels, chipmunks, and white rats some very good cages can be made from wire cloth, tin boxes, and wood. A base-board is cut 28 inches long, 15 inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick (see Fig. 11). Ten inches from one end the edges of the board are tapered off so that the end will be 6 inches wide. Eleven inches from the small end a square piece of wood is mounted on the base-board to form the back to the compartment. This is covered with tin on

the inside, so that the rodents cannot gnaw the wood away at the edges or about the hole that leads into the cylinder. From thick wire a 3-sided frame is made and driven into holes at

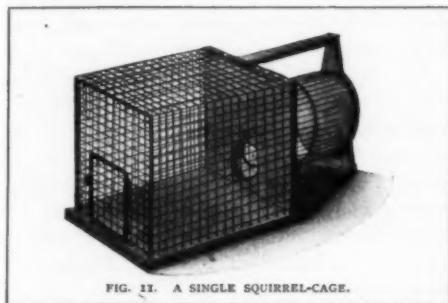


FIG. 11. A SINGLE SQUIRREL-CAGE.

the corners of the wide end of the board. It should be the same size as the back board, and is placed there to support the wire cloth of which the cage is made. Small holes are made in the base-board with an awl; the ends of the wire cloth are slipped into them and bent over. The edges of the cloth are tacked to the back board and wired to the 3-sided wire frame at the opposite end. A wire-screen door can be hung on hinges which may be soldered to the galvanized cloth; and with straight wires or wire cloth an exercising cylinder can be made with wooden or tin ends and supported between the back of the cage and the wedge-shaped upright.

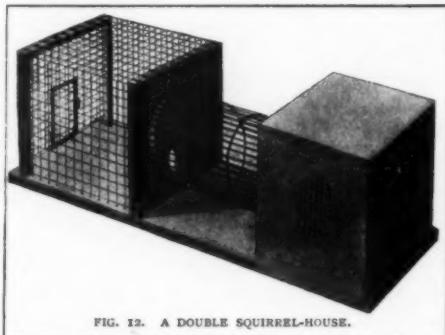


FIG. 12. A DOUBLE SQUIRREL-HOUSE.

The squirrel-house (Fig. 12) is constructed in the same manner as the cage, but it has the advantage of a covered shelter at one end of the base-board. This is made from a tin cracker-box with the lid removed and inverted so that

the bottom acts as the roof. In one side an oval opening is cut, and a wire screen is fastened to it at the inside.

The wire cylinder is 7 inches in diameter and 12 inches long—quite large enough for two squirrels to run a race in at the same time.

REPTILE-PENS.

THE lizard-run shown in Fig. 13 is made from a wooden shoe-case, open at the front, on top of which a smaller box is mounted and connected with the lower one by means

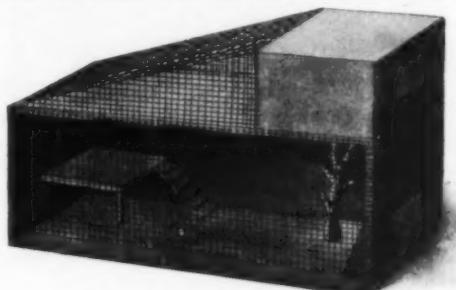


FIG. 13. A LIZARD-RUN OR REPTILE-HOUSE.

of an opening and an inclined board down which the lizards can crawl. A ventilator is cut in the upper box and covered with wire netting; and in the lower box, at one end, a doorway is made, 4 by 6 inches, and protected by a heavy wire-screen door on hinges. A raised platform, with a ladder, is made at one end of the large box and located in the open space; one or two tree branches can be made fast on which the lizards can climb.

RABBIT-HUTCHES.

IN Fig. 14 a simple double-floored rabbit-hutch is shown, and if it is made large enough quite a family of rabbits can live in it, the larger ones downstairs and the smaller ones upstairs, where an inclined plane will make it possible for the friends and relatives to visit one another from floor to floor.

This hutch may be from 4 to 5 feet long, 24 inches wide, and 24 inches high. The second floor is arranged so that it will be midway between the top and bottom, and at the rear an opening 5 inches wide and 10 inches long will re-

ceive an inclined board across which short sticks have been nailed to prevent the rabbits slipping. At one end a compartment is made 18 inches

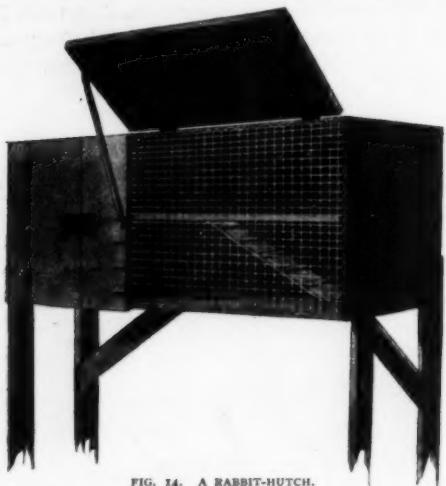


FIG. 14. A RABBIT-HUTCH.

wide, and provided with a door 6 inches wide, hung on hinges, and fastened with a hasp and lock. Openings 5 inches wide and 6 inches high are cut in the side of this compartment, so that the rabbits may enter it from either floor.

A drop front, on hinges, will permit the hutch to be partially closed in very severe weather; but when it is pleasant the front can be raised and propped up with a stick in the ends of which hooks are arranged that will fit into screw-eyes driven into the lid and along the side of the compartment, as shown in the illustration. In the end of the hutch, opposite the bottom of the stairway, a feeding door 6 inches square can be cut with a compass-saw.

This hutch should be supported on stout sticks or posts embedded in the ground for at least 2 feet, and it should be from 30 to 40 inches high. Across the open runs galvanized-wire cloth, with from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch meshes, is to be nailed fast with staples.

DOG-KENNELS.

THE size of a kennel must be governed somewhat by the size of the dog; but for, say, a set-

ter or collie, a kennel similar to those shown in the illustrations may be from 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, 2 feet high at the sides, and 3 feet from the ground to the highest part.

A batten is nailed across the top of the front, sides, and back, to which the upper ends of the boards and the roofing boards are nailed; and at the top of one or both of the sides, or at the rear, a ventilator is cut with a bit and compass-saw. The kennel may stand alone out in the open, or may be built against the side of a house or barn. When built against a building a strip is fastened to the siding of the building, on which to nail the roof boards. In such a "lean-to," the wall of the building may be used as the fourth side of the kennel.

A swinging door is sometimes hung in the opening. This is a weather door, and is made an inch narrower on each side than the width of the doorway, and is hung on screw-eyes and staples so that it will act as a flap that can be pushed in or out by the dog when entering or leaving the hut. In the winter-time and when it is raining, this door will keep out snow and



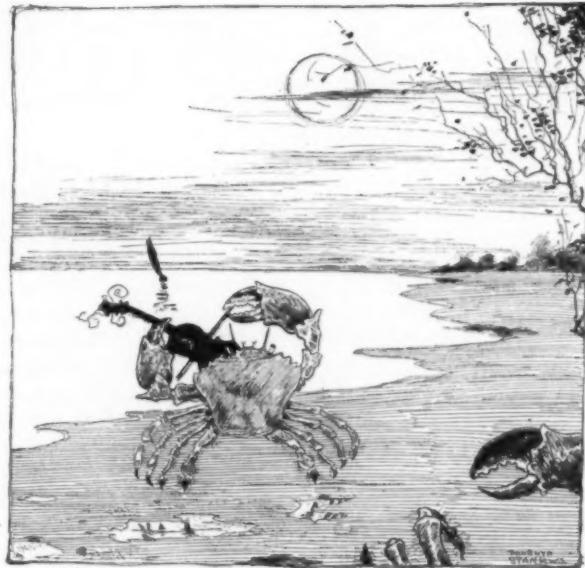
water and also protect a dog from strong winds. A little straw or matting or an old piece of carpet on the floor of the kennel will make it more comfortable for dogs, who will be very grateful for any kindness shown by their masters in providing for their comfort.

YE SOFT LITTLE MAID & YE HARD-SHELL CRABBE.

BY STEPHEN BLAIR.



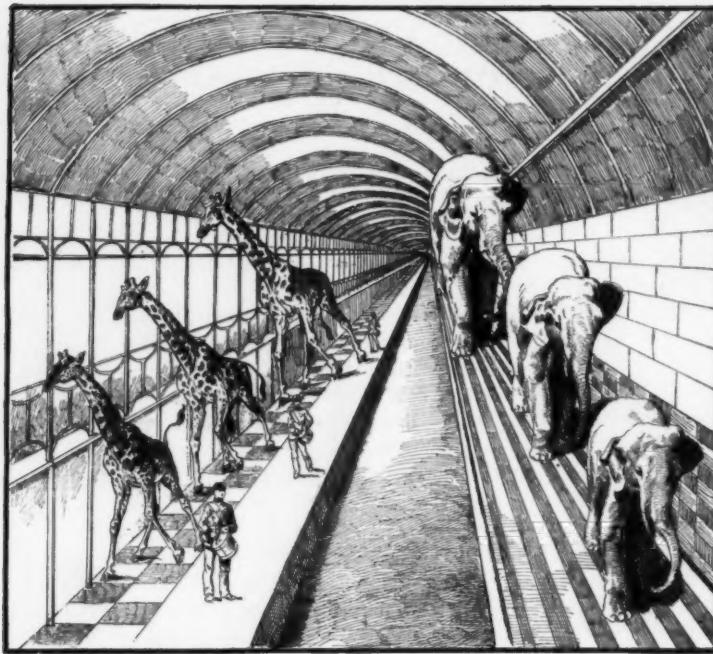
"OH, you funny old crab, why are you so slow?
With so many legs you should faster go."
But scarce had she spoken when, quick as a flash,
Straight for the young lady the crab made a dash.
And what happened next the picture will show,
For off limped the wee maiden, a-crying,
"Oh! Oh!"



A SMALL MUSICIAN.

IN the sunny South, at the river's mouth,
Sat a crab by the sounding sea,
And he played him a tune by the light of the moon,
For a fiddler-crab was he.

Norman W. Gray.



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

By B. C. J.

THERE is a remarkable picture painted by the celebrated English painter Hogarth. It is called "False Perspective." There are houses in the foreground, a stream in the middle distance, and a hill in the background. In a spirit of humor, Hogarth has filled the picture with impossibilities from the standpoint of perspective, and yet at the first glance a careless observer would detect nothing wrong in it.

Here is a somewhat similar picture that shows what a queer-looking jumble would result if the artist should neglect the rules of perspective in parts of his drawing and follow them in others.

If you were asked to point out which of the three elephants and which of the three giraffes traveling through the long, queer-looking corridor or bridge shown in the accompanying picture are the tallest, would you not at once place your finger upon the hindmost animals? The giraffe that brings up the rear seems to

overtop the other two, and the elephant in front appears but a dwarf compared with his big brother occupying the last place behind; and yet, surprising as it may seem, you will find, by carefully measuring the heights of the animals, that the nearest ones are really either taller than those that follow, or fully equal to them in size.

The reason that the latter look so much larger than they really are is because they do not grow smaller in the same proportion as do their surroundings, which are drawn according to the rules of perspective.

For you will notice that the lines of the roof, floor, and sides of the building grow closer together as they vanish in the distance. The illusion is further emphasized by the three men on the platform. These also are drawn in accordance with the laws of perspective—that is, they appear larger or smaller according to their distance from the eye of the observer.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY DR. E. E. WALKER.

IV. SUNSTROKE.

"WHAT queer names the Indians used to have!" said John, as they were walking along the road one afternoon. "I have read about them at home; an Indian who lived in this valley was named Cornstalk because he was so strong and his people could lean and depend upon him. Another was called Big Foot. He was very large and very strong; in fact, a regular giant. He was, besides, a celebrated chief of the Wyandottes."

"You have a good memory, John," said guardie.

Just here Sarah, Abe's sister, who with Abe had been invited over to the camp for the day, chimed in and said: "Mr. Wilson, father has told me that the Indians greased their bodies so that when they had a hand-to-hand fight they could slip out of the grasp of their enemy like a greased pig."

"Yes, that is true," said Mr. Wilson. "You saw, at the county fair last summer, the race after the greased pig, did n't you, boys? Well, just imagine how hard it would be, when you are wrestling in the 'gym,' if the body of the boy you are trying to throw were slippery with oil or grease, like those pigs."

"They could get plenty of oil in this part of the country in these days, could n't they, guardie?" said Jerry.

For along from place to place in the Ohio Valley are the wonderful oil-fields with the derricks raising their tall heads here and there; and this is one of the most noted oil-regions in the world. These derricks had interested the boys very much, and they asked many questions about them. Mr. Wilson took them out one day and showed them a genuine oil-field, where the pumps were at work and the oil was flowing out. This afternoon he had planned a surprise for the boys in the way of a trip out into the country to an old farm-house on the main-

land, where they could be sure of a good supper. On the way they passed the oil-wells, noticed the many-colored effects of the oil which lay on the surface of the river, and saw the rows on rows of workmen's cottages down in the valleys. Finally, as they were passing a large farm made up of a long stretch of land with very few trees, Mr. Wilson saw something wrong among a group of men who quickly gathered about one of their number.

"Ah, boys," said he, "one of those men has a sunstroke."

Guardie stopped the horses, handed the reins to John, and, quickly jumping down, went up to the little group.

"What's the matter, men?" he asked; "a sunstroke?"

They nodded their heads, and one of them said: "He has told me all day that his head hurt him and that he felt weak and dizzy. I tried to make him stop working, but he kept right on, and now I guess he's done for."

Mr. Wilson looked at the man and told the others to carry him up under the shade of the one friendly tree that stood near. He then asked if they had any water. The men said that there was a well near by, and they went for a bucket of its cool water. Sarah had jumped down and was standing at Mr. Wilson's side, so that she might help if there was any chance. This soon came, for Mr. Wilson said, "Sarah, I wish you would run up to the farm-house and ask them to give you a towel and a pan of cracked ice." Sarah soon returned with the ice, which Mr. Wilson told her to wrap in the towel and lay on the man's head. He then thoroughly sponged the head and chest of the unconscious man with the cold water until he opened his eyes and began to breathe naturally. "That was not a very bad attack," said Mr. Wilson. He then told the men to carry the

sick man to the house and put him to bed in a large, airy room; for, as he told the boys, people who live or sleep in close, unventilated rooms, and those who use alcohol freely, are far more liable to attack by sunstroke than those who breathe pure, fresh air both by night and day and who let alcohol alone.

As they started on their way again, John said: "Guardie, how did you know that man had sunstroke? How does any one feel before he gets a sunstroke?"

"Well, John, in most cases there is pain in the head, which this man had; you often feel heavy at the pit of your stomach, and dizzy and faint, and begin to find that you can't breathe very well. Oftentimes, too, the mind is a little queer and your thoughts wander. Generally the skin is hard and dry. Sunstroke comes on in very hot weather, generally after it has lasted for quite a while. People who get sunstruck are often those who have worked very hard and have not drunk enough water; as I said before, people who drink alcohol and those who breathe impure air are far more apt to be overcome by the heat."

"What's the best thing to do for a person with the sunstroke?" John asked.

"First take him to a cool place. But, really, the best thing is to put him into a bath-tub which is filled with cool water. The whole body should be put in—except the head, of course. And then do as I did—put an ice-cap on the head."

"How long should a person be kept in the bath, Mr. Wilson?" asked Sarah, who had been very much interested in everything that had gone on.

"For about ten or fifteen minutes," said Mr. Wilson. "He should then be taken out and placed in bed, between blankets, without being dried. If the patient stops breathing, then begin artificial respiration, as I explained to you in our talk on drowning."

"Does the first bath always bring him round all right?" asked Jerry.

"No," said Mr. Wilson; "and then a second bath should be given—that is, if his body gets hot again and he becomes stupid. You don't need medicine at this time, unless, as sometimes happens, a stimulant is necessary, and one of the best is aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"Oh," said John, "mother always has that at home; and you would give fifteen or twenty drops in a tablespoon of water every few minutes, till three or four doses have been taken, would n't you, guardie?"

"Good, John!" said Mr. Wilson. "You have n't missed your calling, I see. Now, boys and Sarah, what would you do to keep off sunstroke?"

"Well, guardie," said John, "if I were a doctor and had to look out that my patient did n't get sunstruck, I'd tell him he could n't drink any beer, or wine, or anything like that."

"And I'd tell him that he must sleep a lot, and keep his windows wide open all the time," said Jerry.

"And I'd make him take a bath every night," said Sarah; "and I would n't let him eat a whole lot of pie and candy."

"Now, Abe, it's your turn," said Mr. Wilson.

"Well," he drawled, "I would n't let him drink ice-water, but I'd make him drink a lot of spring-water between meals."

"Well, children, you've told almost all of the things," said Mr. Wilson; "but you have n't said anything about your patient's clothes. You must make him wear light-colored things, and loose-fitting, as they do in all hot countries. But the hat's the most important part of all."

"Oh, yes," interrupted John; "it should be straw."

"Yes, and one that will let the air in," said Mr. Wilson. "And if you have to be out in the sun, it is a fine thing to put a wet handkerchief or some damp leaves on top of your head, under your hat. When I was a boy, we always put plantain leaves in our hats when we were out playing. But even if you've done all these things, and begin to feel queer out in the sun, what would you do?"

"I'd run for a cool, shady place, and rest, and drink some cold water," said Jerry.

"That is about the best thing you could do," said Mr. Wilson.

"Guardie, what would you do for sunburn?" said John.

"Apply the same treatment that you would for any burn," replied Mr. Wilson. "Put on plain baking-soda, or vaseline mixed with soda. This will take out the smart."

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT.

DRAWN BY E. WARDE BLAISDELL.



PHOTOGRAPHER: "WELL, MADAM, IF YOU INSIST UPON A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT, I 'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN SECTIONS."

BEES AS DESPATCH-BEARERS.

BY JAMES C. BEARD.

A VERY curious and interesting investigation has been going on for some time past among naturalists with regard to the senses of the lower animals. It has been found that in most cases these are very different from ours, and it cannot any longer be denied that instances occur in which special senses that are not possessed by human beings are developed in animals. One of these, called "the sense of direction," enables bees to return from long distances to their hives, unaided by any of the five different ways we have of recognizing our surroundings.

To test this matter thoroughly, the little honey-makers have been taken considerable dis-

tances from their hives, to localities which it was certain that they had never before visited; yet when set free they flew as unhesitatingly, as directly, and as unerringly home as from places perfectly known to them.

A few years ago it occurred to a well-known bee-keeper that this remarkable ability on the part of bees might be made useful. Convincing himself that he could rely upon their speedy return from anywhere within the range of three or four miles from their hives, whether they had ever been at the place from which they started homeward or not, he set to work to test their ability to carry messages as do homing pigeons. He accordingly procured a few bees

from a friend who lived on the further side of a barren, sandy tract of land which, offering no inducements in the way of possible food supplies, was never visited by the insects, and crossed over to his own home. Going into his garden with his children, he touched certain tiny packages, prepared for the occasion, with bird-lime. Upon these were written, in minute handwriting, certain messages from his two little girls. The packages consisted of the thinnest of paper fastened with the thinnest of thread, and done up in the smallest parcels possible.

Releasing the bees, one by one, from the pasteboard box in which they had been imprisoned, he fastened with a trained hand each of the little packets to the back of a bee, which he then allowed to fly away.

Like homing pigeons, they started off at once across the unfamiliar desert for their home, arriving there in an incredibly short space of time with their packages secure upon their backs.

While at first sight it must be confessed that the employment of bees as couriers may seem something like a joke, it appears to have been regarded quite seriously in England. Military despatches, it was said, might be carried safely by bees in cases where birds could not escape a vigilant enemy, their small size rendering them practically invisible; and, if not snapped up by birds or by hornets, they could doubtless be relied upon to deliver safely the despatches with which they had been intrusted.

It must be added, however, that the use of bees for this purpose would, in a measure, be restricted to clear weather, when a strong wind is not blowing nor heavy showers likely to take place.

Early in June of this year experiments were made in Connecticut by Dr. Edward F. Bigelow

and Mr. L. C. Root, a bee-keeper of national reputation. In the first experiment the bees failed to return to the hive; or, if they did return, they could not be distinguished from the other bees. Of the second experiment, Dr. Bigelow writes as follows:

"We made careful tests, releasing bees at three different distances, from one mile to about two, on two different trips. Mr. Root had his horse and carriage for taking the bees away. We spent about half a day in experimenting with them, and the result was a success. The bees came in. We used flour mostly to mark them so that we could identify them, but also some blue diamond-dye powder. It would be



"HE FASTENED WITH A TRAINED HAND EACH OF THE LITTLE PACKETS TO THE BACK OF A BEE."

possible to send messages by different colors. One very interesting fact was developed. Out of one lot, some of the bees took in a load before they came home! Economy of time, they doubtless thought. They were combining business with pleasure! They were gone about a half-hour from the time they were released at a spot about a mile distant from the hive; and they came in with heavy loads of pollen on their legs."



A NARROW ESCAPE.

By H. A. JOHNSON.

THE yellow fever was raging in the city of Vera Cruz that year, and one of the large West-Indian liners which arrived on a certain day was obliged to anchor off in the harbor. A small boat, known as a dinghy, floated astern, and in this an active young colored boy of about fifteen was busily at work washing off the seats. The boat lurched over with a sudden dip as the boy bore his weight on one of the thwarts, and Pedro heard a warning shout from the steamer's deck just in time to give one terrified glance around, and to hear a noise he knew only too well.

Without an instant's hesitation he jumped overboard from the opposite side of the boat. For as he looked he caught sight of the jaws of a great shark which, spying this tempting morsel of a plump little darky boy, had leaped

toward the careened boat with open mouth. So vigorous was the shark's leap, that as Pedro went over on one side of the boat the shark flopped in on the other. Not being used to these surroundings, and missing his prey, he floundered around until his head bore down the gunwale, and he slid from the careening boat into the sea again before the people on the steamer could fling a harpoon at him. Almost as he disappeared poor Pedro's head popped up on the opposite side of the boat, and in a terrible fright he clambered into the dinghy again, as thoroughly scared a young darky as ever had a narrow escape.

Had he not thus saved himself from the man-eater, help from the steamer would have been necessary, and even then it is more than probable that the boy would not have been saved. This is a remarkable instance of the ferocity of a shark seeking his prey out of the water.

A NOCTURNAL SAILOR.

By MEREDITH NUGENT.

THERE was n't a better sailor aboard than "Pete," and it was his first voyage too. As for climbing — why, he could do some tricks on the ship's ropes that made the sailors jealous with envy. But then these ignorant seamen would not have been so surprised at Pete's won-

thought of ever going to sea. During the day Pete slept comfortably in the wooden box just forward of the donkey-engine, as he had n't any fancy for daylight; but when glorious night came, with its magnificent setting of southern stars, Pete was more wide awake than anybody.

Then it was that he would climb the ship's rigging, and walk out to the ends of the swaying yard-arms; or work

his way up to the top of the tallest mast, and from this dizzy height look down at the sailors far below.

What a transformation all this must have been from the thick forests where Pete had been brought up! How strange the tall, smooth, leafless trees and taut climbing vines must have seemed to him! For undoubtedly he thought these masts and ropes somehow akin to the trees and vines of his tropic home.

When I visited Pete after his arrival in New York he was fast asleep; but as soon as the sailors learned that the readers of *St. NICHOLAS* would like to know how a clever little South American ant-eater had climbed the rigging, they woke him up, although it was broad day-

derful performances had they known that for years he had practised climbing on the great vines which hang in such amazing profusion from the trees of the tropical forests. Indeed Pete could hardly have selected a better school than those dense woods in which to fit himself for seamanship, although he probably never had the faintest idea of being captured, and still less

light, and set him on the steel-wire jib-stay that runs from the bowsprit to the foremast. Very reluctantly Pete climbed that slender rope to the yard-arm, and then slowly and deliberately returned to the deck, as though much annoyed at being disturbed in his slumbers. However, he had stayed aloft long enough for me to make a sketch of him, and here it is.

"VERY RELUCTANTLY PETE CLIMBED TO THE YARD-ARM."





FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

BY STELLA GEORGE STERN.

"WHAT shall we do this morning?" asked Papa Brown.

"I don't know!" said Bob.

"I don't know!" said Ben.

And "I don't know, indeed!" said Billy.

Billy liked to say "indeed," because mama said it.

I suppose you think that Bob and Ben and Billy were little boys. But they were not. They were little *girls*; and their papa called them boys' names for fun.

"Would you like to feed the chickens?" asked Papa Brown.

"Oh, yes!" said Bob.

"Oh, yes!" said Ben.

And "Oh, yes, indeed!" said Billy.

And then papa went to get the bread and water and corn. But when they reached the farm-yard, the little chicks were all around the coop, and acting very strangely. And what do you suppose was in the coop?

"It is the cat!" said Bob.

"It is the cat!" said Ben.

And "It is the cat, indeed!" said Billy.

Yes, there lay the brindled cat fast asleep! No wonder the little chicks were puzzled and frightened.

"Shall we wake her?" said papa.

"Oh, no!" said Bob.

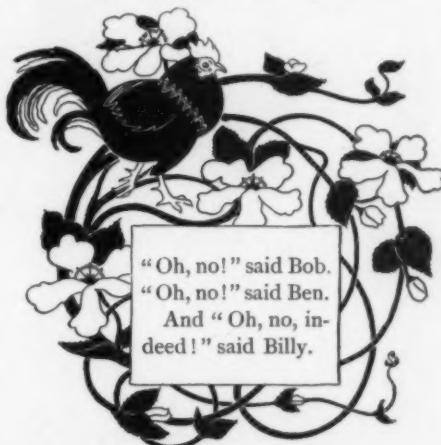
"Oh, no!" said Ben.

And "Oh, no, indeed!" said Billy.

And they scattered the corn a few grains at a time, and drew the little chicks away from the coop.

And they fed the chicks, and the old hens laughed to see the little ones peck and the big ones gobble, and Bob and Ben and Billy clapped their hands and had a merry time. And they never waked the cat at all!

"That old rooster over there cannot hurt the little chicks, can he?" asked Papa Brown.



"Oh, no!" said Bob.

"Oh, no!" said Ben.

And "Oh, no, indeed!" said Billy.

THE HOLE IN THE CANNA-BED.

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

ONE evening in May, Chuckie Wuckie's papa finished setting out the plants in the front yard. Into one large bed he put a dozen fine cannas. They looked like fresh young shoots of corn. He told Chuckie Wuckie that when summer

"Much taller; as tall as I am."

Chuckie Wuckie listened gravely while papa told her she must be very careful about the canna-bed. She must not throw her ball into it, or dig there, or set a foot in the black, smooth earth. She nodded her head solemnly, and made a faithful promise. Then she gathered up her tiny rake and hoe and spade, and carried them to the vine-covered shed to put beside her father's tools.

Next morning, when papa went to look at the canna-bed, he discovered close beside one of the largest plants a snug, round hole. It looked like a little nest. He found Chuckie Wuckie digging with an iron spoon in the ground beside the fence.

"Dearie," he said, "do you remember I told you, last night, that you must not dig in the canna-bed?"

"Yes," said the little girl.

"Come and see the hole I found there."

So Chuckie Wuckie trotted along at her father's heels. She



"PAPA TOLD HER SHE MUST BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THE CANNA-BED."

came they would grow tall, with great spreading leaves and beautiful red-and-yellow blossoms.

"Taller than me, papa?" asked the little girl, trying to imagine what they would look like.

stood watching him as he filled in the hole and smoothed down the earth.

"I did not dig it," said Chuckie Wuckie. "I just came and looked to see if the cannas had grown any through the night, but I did not dig."

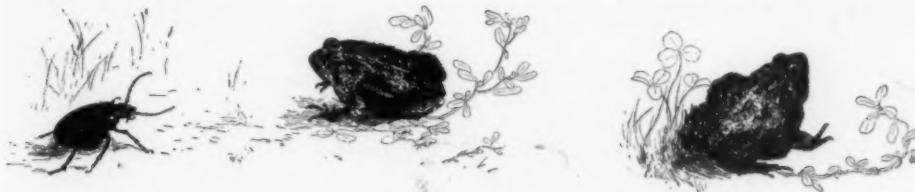
"Really?" asked her papa, very gravely.

"Really and truly, I did not put my foot on there," said Chuckie Wuckie.

Papa did not say another word. But he could

"That hole again," said her father. "There's a stone in it now, is n't there?"

"No, that's what I thought; stoop down and look close, papa!" cried Chuckie Wuckie.



not help thinking that the hole looked as if the iron spoon had neatly scooped it out.

Next morning he found the hole dug there again, and Chuckie Wuckie was still busy in her corner by the fence. He did not speak of it, however. There were prints of small feet on the edge. He only smoothed down the earth and raked the bed. He did this for three mornings, then he led Chuckie Wuckie again to the canna-bed.

"Papa," she said earnestly, "I did not dig there. Truly, I did n't. The hole is there every morning. I found it to-day before you came out, but I did not dig it." There were tears in her brown eyes.

"I believe you, Chuckie Wuckie dear," said her father, earnestly.

That night the little girl stood at the gate, watching for her father to jump off the car. She could hardly wait for him to kiss her. She took his hand and led him to the canna-bed.

"Look!" she cried eagerly.

She was pointing excitedly to a hole beside the roots of a fresh, green canna plant.

It was the head of a fat hop-toad, but all that could be seen was its mouth and bright eyes. It was staring at them. Papa poked it with the point of his umbrella. It scrambled deeper into the hole, until there was nothing to be seen but the dirt. It was slowly changing to the color of the black earth.

"I watched him," cried Chuckie Wuckie, excitedly,—"oh, for an hour! When I found him he was just hopping on the canna-bed. He was looking for his house. He acted as if the door had been shut in his face. Then he began to open it. He crawled and scrambled round and round, and threw up the dirt, and poked and pushed. At last he had the hole made, just as it is every morning, and he crawled in. Then he lay and blinked at me."

"Clever fellow," said papa. "Well, we won't grudge him a home, and we won't shut the door again in his face, will we, Chuckie Wuckie?"

The cannas have grown very tall now, and so thick that you cannot see where the roots are; but a fat, brown hop-toad has a snug, cool, safe little nest there, and he gratefully crawls into it when the sun grows very hot.



NATURE AND SCIENCE

For Young Folks.

Edited by

Edward F. Bigelow.



Watching the spurtions of soft clams.

THE LIFE ALONG THE SEASHORE.

As we walk along the shore at low tide, on the lookout for seaweeds or interesting animals, little jets of sea-water will be seen spurting up from holes in the sand. Let us dig rapidly down under one of these tiny openings and we will catch the spurter, the common soft clam; but if we are not quick enough he will burrow so rapidly as to disappear entirely and only send a last spout of water into our faces, as if in defiance. Place the shell in a glass of sea-water, and when the clam gains confidence he will extend from his shell the long tube-like

Looking over specimens.

Searching a cave for anemones, hydroids, etc.

You will see that it is moving. With the minute life forms it contains, the water sweeps in swirling currents toward one orifice of the tube and plunges suddenly down it; then, after passing over the gills and body of the clam and giving out nourishment, the water is expelled through the other tube, and we see it rising slowly from the opening. If, however, the clam takes a fancy to contract his shell and so hasten this motion, we will see a little fountain shoot up and sprinkle the surroundings, just as they were observed to do on the shore.

Be sure to look for the many worms

that may be found, either in burrows in the sand or in tubes which they have built on rocks and stones.



AN EGG-CASE OF THE SKATE.

siphon, and the two openings in the end of it, with their fringed borders, will be seen. Now take a compound microscope or a magnifying-glass and watch the water above the siphon.

All are interesting, and the forms and colorings of many are most

A SOFT CLAM BURIED IN THE MUD.
The siphon extended above and the foot burrowing below.



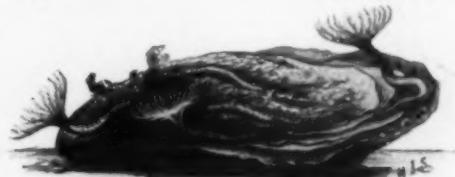
beautiful, and their habits are remarkable. The *sabellae*, one of the most interesting of the tube-

graceful motion, the worm allows the fringes of the filaments to gather a portion of mud from the sea-bottom, when, fingering and molding it, the fringes carry it down the length of the filament to the bottom of the



A CLAM PLACED IN A GLASS OF SEA-WATER.
Currents of water being watched through a magnifying-glass.

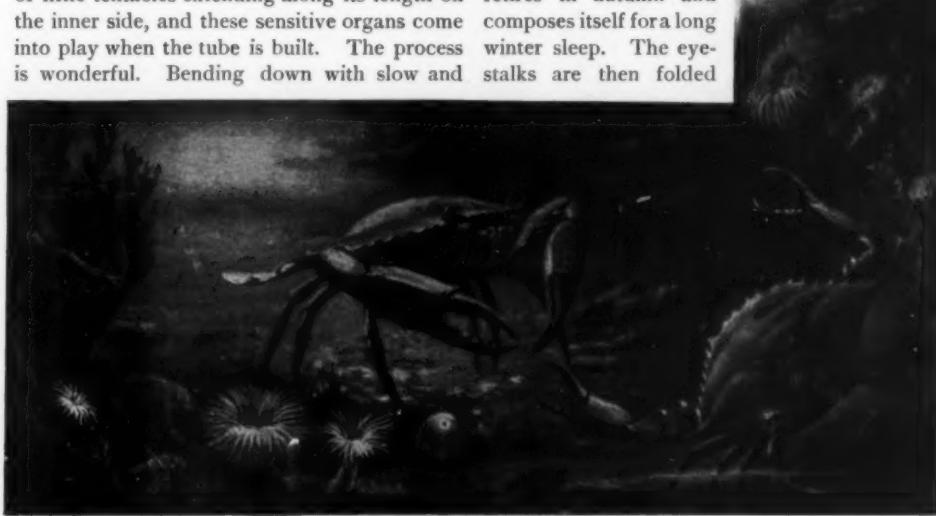
builders, may be found on rocks or shells in tubes of a parchment-like color built of sand and mud. From the end of the tube the worm extends a plump crest of feather-like forms, which are the breathing-organs and are called gill-filaments. Each filament has two fringes of little tentacles extending along its length on the inner side, and these sensitive organs come into play when the tube is built. The process is wonderful. Bending down with slow and



THE WORMS *SABELLA* LIVING IN THEIR TUBES ON AN OYSTER.
The worm at the right is not yet inclosed in the tube. There are some old abandoned tubes on the upper part of the oyster-shell.

funnel. Here it is given into the charge of two leaf-like organs on the neck of the worm, which place this building-material on the edge of the tube and shape it there, while at the same time a mucous secretion is given off by the worm which gives the mud cohesive power. When the action ceases, it will be seen that the tube is slightly lengthened.

One of the most interesting members of the crab family is the queer and grotesque little "fiddler" which lives in burrows in the banks of creeks and estuaries back of the beach. Into these burrows the crab retires in autumn and composes itself for a long winter sleep. The eye-stalks are then folded



TWO BLUE-CRABS FIGHTING.
Just in front of the crab coming toward us there is an anemone which has closed to protect itself. Expanded anemones are seen in the foreground at the left and on the rocks at the right. A hermit-crab and a shrimp are shown at the left.

down into sockets beneath the shell, and the large claw rests closed and inert against the body, while the legs are folded up until the entire animal is snugly closed upon itself, and it

lays their eggs in the warm sand in summer, and in August the little ones hatch out in great numbers, so



FIDDLER-CRABS IN SUMMER.

The one at the left is picking up food, while the one in the burrow is placing food in its mouth. At the extreme lower right a bank is shown as it appears in winter, cut through to show a crab hibernating in its burrow.

remains in this dormant condition until the spring. Early in April the fiddlers awaken, and immediately attend to clearing out their burrows. The large claw is useless for eating, only the small one being available for this purpose. It is amusing to see the delicacy with which this little claw feels about and picks up the particles of vegetable matter and places them in the mouth, while the eyes are all the time raised aloft on their stalks and apparently looking off into the distance. The female crabs have both claws small and of equal size, so they are both used in feeding, and she can satisfy her hunger just twice as easily and quickly as the male. These fiddler-crabs also gather food and store it in their burrows for future use.

Another queer crab is the *Limulus polyphemus*, or horseshoe-crab. These crabs

that in certain situations the shore is fairly alive with them. We may see them now, no larger than one's finger-nail, swimming actively about in the shallow water, or plowing the sand up before them with their queer little shovel-shaped heads. They soon retire to deep water and live there with their parents, either on the sea-bottom or half buried in the mud and sand.

Great quantities of mussels are fastened all along banks and on the rocks. If we try to pull one away, we find it is securely fastened by a bundle of mooring-threads called the byssus. The mussel produces these threads at will when it finds a suitable situation; and although of apparent delicacy, these strands are very strong.

HOWARD J. SHANNON.



A HORSESHOE-CRAB BURROWING ON THE BEACH.
At the left some mussels are attached to the bank by their anchoring-threads.

A MONSTER FISH.

In the next column is shown a huge fish remarkable both on account of its size and its game qualities. It is known as the black sea-bass or California jewfish (*Stereolepis gigas*), and is found in moderate depths of the Pacific Ocean from the Farallones southward, being quite abundant in the kelp-beds about the islands off the coast. The one here shown was taken at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, where anglers for large game-fish resort. The weight of the monster was four hundred and fifty-nine pounds. The fish is said to attain a weight of six hundred pounds or more. It feeds chiefly on other fishes, and, taken by hook and line, affords great sport for anglers. Heavy (25-ounce) $7\frac{1}{2}$ -foot rods of green-heart or split bamboo, large and well-constructed reels with a capacity of four hundred feet of No. 21 Irish-linen line, a 9-foot wire leader, and a 10-inch hook baited with several pounds of albacore, barracuda, or a live white-fish (*Caulolatilus*), are the tackle used by sportsmen. Rope, chain for leaders, and shark-hooks are used by the native hand-line or market fishermen.

The black sea-bass of California is one of the groupers, several of which grow to a weight of five hundred pounds or more (for example, the guaza, or spotted jewfish, and the black grouper).

Two notable specimens taken by rod and line weighed, one 419 and another 384 pounds. A photograph on the writer's table is entitled, "The World's Record Four Hours' Catch," by Dr. L.

M. Taylor and H. St. A. Earlscliff, July 30, 1904, at Catalina Island. Five fish are shown, and the weights are 320, 280, 250, 170, and 130 pounds respectively.

B. A. BEAN.

Washington, D. C.

Mr. C. F. Holder writes us of a huge jewfish which he caught. It measured six feet in



"A LITTLE FELLOW WAS PLACED ASTRIDE THE MONSTER AND PHOTOGRAPHED."

length and weighed three hundred pounds. He says:

"After we had beached the fish, a little fellow, who had been heard to say that he would like to ride a real jewfish, was placed astride the monster and was photographed.

WONDERFUL WORK BY SHELL-ANIMALS.

ONE of the most wonderful things Mother Nature does is to teach her children how to accomplish things with means and appliances that seem entirely inadequate for the purpose. A

bird will build an intricate and beautiful nest with no better tool than her beak (birds do not use their claws for this purpose); a caterpillar can shape a symmetrical cocoon,



"NESTS" BUILT BY SHELL-FISH.
Phosphorescent *Limas* "flying" through
the water as butterflies through the air.

and bees the sharp-angled cells of their combs. These are familiar instances of this, but by no means as wonderful as those shown in the work of some sea-animals that live in shells.

A certain sea-shell, *Lima hians*, shown in the illustration snugly ensconced in a dainty little nest of pretty, variegated, tiny shells and red coralline, not only swims about as freely as a butterfly flies,—though, as far as its form is concerned, a snuff-box would be apparently as well fitted to do so,—but actually builds the nest that it lives in, spinning a sort of net which binds the parts together, and this in spite of the fact that it has no eyes.

Another shell, *Pholas*, accomplishes something more wonderful—though this seems scarcely possible—than the *Lima hians*, for it actually works out nests or burrows for itself in the hardest sort of rocks, such as gneiss and granite. No one knows how this is done, for the material of the shell and of every part of the animal inside of the shell is, of course, much softer than the rocks into which it burrows. It is generally supposed that the creature works its way into the hard substances that it penetrates by means of what is called its foot, which is covered with a

hard armor that is said to be renewed as soon as it is worn away.

As may be conjectured, however, it would take a very long time to make any sensible impression on the hard gneiss or granite with such an instrument.

So naturalists are not all of one mind about the matter. The only certainty is that Mother Nature teaches the *Pholas* to do this marvelous thing with appliances that seem utterly inadequate to the task.

Pholas excavating bur-
rows in rocks.

The *Pholas* is shown at the bottom of the illustration on this page, safe within its rocky "nest"; at the top, in the circle, are to be seen the *Limas*, fluttering about like moths in the dark. They are phosphorescent, however, and give out a light of their own, as do fireflies.

B. C. J.

**A COWBIRD EGG IN BLUE-WINGED WARBLER
NEST.**

On the ground at the root of a poplar-tree that had sprung up in a pasture beside the woods, a pair of blue-winged warblers had made their nest.



THE COWBIRD.

she disappeared among the leaves.

I could not tell what she was thinking, but it must have been something like this: "What a pretty nest! Plenty of room for another egg. Suppose I place one of mine there—who will be the wiser? What a fine thing to let some one else rear my bird, feed him when he is hungry, brood him through the cold nights, and, when grown, teach him to fly!"

So she laid an egg there, and, peeping from under the leaves to see that no one was near, she darted like a shadow into the woods and



A NEST OF A BLUE-WINGED WARBLER WITH FOUR EGGS
AND A COWBIRD'S EGG.

The nest was very near the ground in a young poplar in an open pasture one hundred feet from the edge of the woods. The nest of dry leaves was externally lined with fine strips of bark.

down the ravine that leads to the brook where the thrushes, vireos, and warblers were flitting

and singing. She made no long tarrying with them, however, but soon flew over the hill and across the fields, and dropped, at last, into a flock of her own kind that were feeding among the cows in the meadow.

THOMAS H. JACKSON.

A "SUNRISE" PHOTOGRAPH.

WHAT I call my sunrise photograph was taken at "Fern Rock," Brookside, West Virginia, one morning in July. As I looked out



"THE PICTURE MAKES ME THINK OF A BOMB-SHELL
BURSTING AMONG THE TREES."

of the window, the sun was trying to peer through a heavy fog, and I knew that I had a chance to get a fine picture, so out came the camera, and the photograph was quickly taken. I was not disappointed in the result. The trees appeared in strong relief amid the bank of mist, and "old Sol," like a huge morning star, came forth as a conqueror.

The picture makes me think of a bomb-shell bursting among the trees in the evening twilight. It is a snap-shot made in the one-hundredth part of a second.

HARRY B. BRADFORD.

?"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
?????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York.

THE SCARLET TANAGER WANTS TO KNOW.

THE birds and four-footed animals are nearly if not quite as eager to know about you as you about them. Watch their attitude of curiosity as they peer down at



THE SCARLET TANAGER
CURIOSITY FROM THE

AGER PEERS DOWN IN
TREE-TOPS.

you from the tree-tops, especially if you make some queer sound like kissing the back of your hand—a favorite method of some naturalists of exciting animal curiosity.

CICADA GETTING OUT OF THE SHELL.

WETHERSFIELD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When we first saw the cicada he was just as he came up out of the ground. He kept climbing up the tree until he was ready to come out. Then he split the shell on his back. Then his back humped out, and soon his head and eyes came out. He kept leaning over backward until his head hung down a little. As he was going over backward, his legs came out, two by two. When about four legs were out, we saw some



THE CICADA.
(Improperly called "locust.")

was a kind of hook that keeps him in so firmly. When the wings are almost straight, he throws him-

little white threads which were fastened on him break. At first his wings were all crimped and folded up tight. Then it was fun to watch the wings unfold. He looked as if he would fall on his head. On the end of his tail we noticed that there

self up on the shell, and then crawls off on the tree, where he hangs until his wings are strong enough to fly.

HARRIET LORD BARSTOW
(age 9).

The cicada is often incorrectly called "locust"—a term which should be applied only to grasshoppers. The cicada is a peculiarly interesting insect in that it has the longest life-period of any known insect. Some kinds live even seventeen years, and are known as the seventeen-year cicada.

CICADA COMING OUT OF ITS SHELL.

THE SO-CALLED "STING" OF CICADA.

ELLIOTT CITY, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Having heard some persons say cicadas sting and others say they do not, I have decided to write and ask you, as I would like to know. Where is their stinger, if they have one, and is the sting fatal? I am of the opinion that they do not sting, as I have caught a great many and have never observed a stinger or been stung by one. But of course that is only my opinion. I knew, though, that if I wrote and asked you, you would be sure to tell me.

Your devoted and interested reader,

LAURA LAURENSEN BYRNE (age 12).

Newspapers very frequently report that human beings have been stung by cicadas. It would be possible for the periodical cicada to pierce the flesh with its sucking-beak or its ovipositor (egg-placer), or so-called "sting," but such occurrences, so far as known to scientists, are extremely rare.

Dr. Smith spent



CICADA COMING OUT OF ITS SHELL.



CICADA LEAVING ITS OLD SHELL.

much labor in carefully investigating such accounts, and found in every case that he followed up, where death had been reported as caused by the "bite" or sting of the "locusts," the story to be entirely fabulous.

Professor Potter, referring to the cicada, says in this connection: "It cannot defend itself against an ant or a fly. We have handled them, male and female, time after time. We have worried them in every way, but never could provoke resentment."

Professor Riley says that of the thousands and thousands of insects which he has handled, and the hundreds of other persons, including children, who have also handled these insects, not a single bona-fide case of stinging has, to his knowledge, resulted.

PINE-TREE LIZARDS.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a photograph of myself with pet lizards. The lizard has a long body, four legs, and a tail. The tail will come off if the lizard is caught by it, and another will grow on again. These lizards live on the trunks of trees and on fences. Those in my picture were caught on the fence rails on grandpa's farm in West Virginia. Those lizards are harmless, and I was not afraid of them. Lizards eat grasshoppers, bugs, and roaches.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR F. SPAID (age 6).

This lizard is most commonly known as the fence-swift. Its technical name is *Tecloporus undulatus*. The species is found generally in the southern half of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. With the exception of the "chameleon," *Anolis carolinensis*, it is the most abundant lizard in this country—particularly in the East. Its food consists of insects. Male specimens may us-



THE SUCKING-BEAK OF THE CICADA.

ually be distinguished by brilliant blue spots on the throat and under side.

RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

Master Spaid's father is the superintendent of the public schools of New Castle County, Delaware. Upon writing him, I found that he had published this photograph with an article



At the right and left are cicadas that have emerged; in the center is an empty shell.

— "A Harmless Reptile"—in the "Scientific American." (That publication gives permission to republish the illustration.) In the article Mr. Spaid wrote as follows:

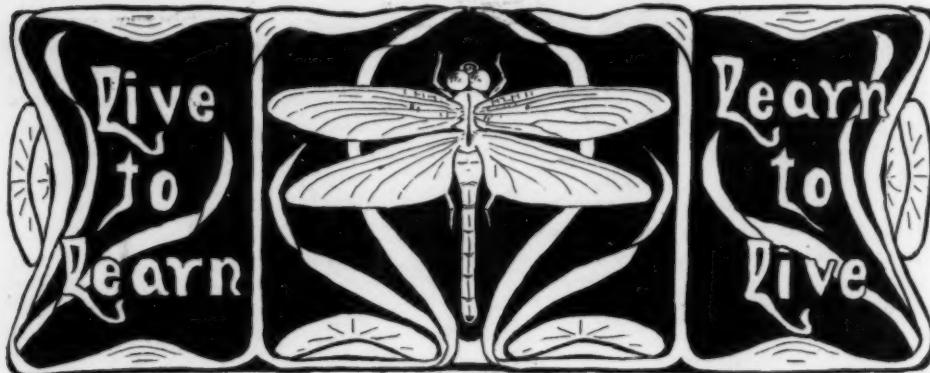
If there is anything we need to teach more than another, it is that numerous insects and reptiles, which are held by many persons to be poisonous, are perfectly harmless. This is especially so of the pine-tree lizard, or, as it is often called, the fence-lizard.

I know of nothing else so easily tamed. When caught in the hand, they seldom attempt to escape. Placed on one's clothing, they often sit in the same position for a long time. Knowing this peculiarity, I decorated my little son with nineteen lizards, just to prove to some skeptical people that I was willing to back up my assertions with a demonstration. Yet one observer who witnessed it declared that it was a risky thing to do.



PINE-TREE LIZARDS AS PETs.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY CHARLOTTE WAUGH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE WAVES.

BY HELEN COPELAND COOMBS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I LOVE to listen to the waves
That softly lap upon the shore;
And farther out, along the rocks,
I love to hear the breakers roar.



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY IRENE MERSEREAU, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

I love to see the white-caps dance
Upon a blue and sparkling bay,
Or hear the fog-horn blow, perchance,
To signal wandering ships away.

I love to feel the cold salt breeze
That blows my tumbled hair about;
And when the boats are coming in
I love to hear the sailors shout.

The sea has always been my friend:
The waves that dash in foam and spray
Seem calling me upon the sand
As I am writing this to-day.

AT intervals of now and then, perhaps because we have so many new members, it becomes necessary to set certain of our Leaguers right on the question of rules. There are signs that the time has come to do this once more.

For one thing, a good many contributors in this August competition sent poems, stories, etc., on the subjects given for June and July. Now if our new members (and some of our old ones) will look carefully, they will see that with each month the subject changes; and if it happens occasionally that we print something on the subject of the month before, it is because such contributions were previously accepted and left over for want of room, and not because we accept contributions on old subjects—unless, as happens sometimes, the old subject is repeated and so becomes a new one.

Then there is another thing: "photographs of wild animals and birds in their native homes" cannot be considered when the wild creatures are taken in an inclosure or private park. The object of this competition is to encourage the pursuit of animals and birds with the camera instead of a gun, and any creature in any sort of captivity, however wide may be its range, does not come within the rules. The animals of Yellowstone Park, though protected, come and go at free will, and photographs of these have been accepted, and have sometimes been prize-winners. But no protected range smaller



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY LAURA HOUGHTELING CANFIELD, AGE 7. (SILVER BADGE.)

or with less freedom than the Yellowstone can be regarded in the light of a wild animal's native home.

It seems hardly necessary to say that it is useless to send photographs of *pictures* of wild animals. Yet, strange to say, these are offered in competition now and then. A young man of fourteen, from California, this very month sent a photograph of three deer taken from an "after Landseer" chromo or engraving. What is still more strange, the photograph is indorsed as having been "taken directly from the animals in their natural home," and this is signed by—well, we will reserve names this time, but it was not by either of the young man's parents. If the two young men who signed and sent this picture would reflect for a few moments, or even for half that long, they would realize that any one selected to edit the League would be employed, for one thing, for the very reason that he could tell the difference between a photograph and a chromo. It is n't much of a qualification, either, but it's one he has to have to hold his place. He had it when he began the League six years ago, and the accomplishment has not been allowed to rust for want of practice. Besides, boys, even if you had succeeded, what is a prize worth if it is n't won by real effort and fair means?

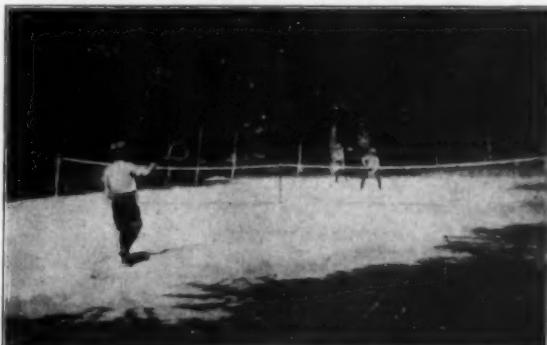
Silver badges, **Margaret Stuart Browne** (age 15), Glendevon, Devonshire Place, Eastbourne, England; **Helen Copeland Coombs** (age 13), 414 Liberty St., Warren, Pa.; and **Kathryn Lewis** (age 13), 55 W. 68th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Hazel L. Raybold** (age 15), 125 Tobey St., Providence, R. I.; **Aileen Hyland** (age 12), ½ C. D. Hyland, Ingleside, Station L, San Francisco, Cal.; and **Phyllis Sargent** (age 11), Graeme's Dyke, Berkhamstead, England.

Prose. Gold badges, **Carl Philippi** (age 11), 198 Beach Ave., N. Y. City, and **Marta Cardenal y Pujals** (age 13), Pasage Mercader 7 y 9, Barcelona, Spain.

Silver badges, **Paul Vallé, Jr.** (age 11), ½ Brown, Shipley & Co., 123 Pall Mall, London, England, and **Judith S. Russell** (age 10), 145 W. 97th St., N. Y. City.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Charlotte Waugh** (age 15), 144 W. Robie St., St. Paul, Minn., and **Richard A. Reddy** (age 17), New Brighton, Staten Island.



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY LEWIS WALLACE, JR., AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Marion H. Tuthill** (age 16), 1084 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Ben Roth** (age 15), Columbus, Ind.; and **Anne Duryea** (age 10), Palo Alto, Cal.

Photography. Gold badge, **Irene Mersereau** (age 17), 99 N. Marengo Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Silver badges, **Lewis Wallace, Jr.** (age 13), 1260 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.; **Theobald Forstall** (age 11), Montclair, N. J.; and **Laura Houghteling Canfield** (age 7), ½ Mrs. Cass Canfield, Roslyn, L. I.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. Cash prize, "Least Flycatcher," by **Dunton Hamlin** (age 16), Box 82, Orono, Me. Second prize, "Wild Turkeys," by **Mildred Armour** (age 14), 1608 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill. Third prize, "Turtle," by **Donald Armour** (age 12), above address.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Helen Simple** (age 15), ½ Morgan, Haries & Co., Paris, France, and **Russell S. Reynolds** (age 14), 142 W. 12th St., N. Y. City.



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY THEOBALD FORSTALL, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY RICHARD A. REDDY,
AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, **Virginia Livingston Hunt** (age 14), 273 South St., Morristown, N. J., and **Corinne J. Reinheimer** (age 13), 127 E. 72d St., N. Y. City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Edmund Willis Whited** (age 15), 286 Main St., Pittsburg, Pa.; **John B. Hollister** (age 14), 1819 Madison Road, Cincinnati, Ohio; and **Louis Stix Weiss** (age 11), Depot Lane, Fort Washington, N. Y. City.

Silver badges, **Margaret Greenshields** (age 13), 53 Simpson St., Montreal, Quebec; **William H. Bartlett** (age 10), Hampton Falls, N. H.; and **Helen L. Patch** (age 9), Berkshire, Tioga Co., N. Y.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

BY MARGARET STUART BROWNE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

PROUD and free, fierce and bold,
Whom neither chains nor walls can hold,
We laugh and mock at the sailors pale,
Who cower as we pipe in the yelling gale,
And, clinging hard to a shattered rail,
Face death in the waters cold.

We can fight and wrestle where
Foam-wreaths shatter and wind-horns blare;
We can dance to a merry tune

With gentle feet where the ripples croon,
And white arms raised to the tranquil moon
That silvers our streaming hair.

Man may boast of his steeds of steel,
With red-hot eyes, and with clanking wheel;
We at a frantic pace can ride
Where tangled seaweed and coral bide,
And, singing, we can race beside
The steamer's heavy keel.

And if we tire of this din and stir,
And of stormy skies which fog-banks blur,
We can sleep in a sunny bay
Where pink shells lie and children play,—
Where, on quiet waters, walks blue-clad Day,
Her cloud-sons leading her.

FUNNY WHEN IT WAS OVER.

BY MARTA CARDENAL Y FUJALS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

THE funniest incident I know about happened in a town in Spain. A lady once went for a walk in one of the principal streets of the town, with a little girl nine years old, and also a fox-terrier which both of them loved dearly. It happened to be in spring, when the dog-catchers seize all the dogs that they see without a muzzle, because it is dangerous to be bitten by them.

This lady had her dog following her without a strap or muzzle, so the dog-catchers caught it. When she and the little girl saw their dog had disappeared, they began to weep. They told the dog-catchers they would pay however much they asked, if they would only return them their dog. The men could not give the dog back until it had been at least one night with them.

When they saw they could not have it, they determined not to leave it, but to follow the cart. So they followed it until dusk; the lady and the little girl crying bitterly, and the dog howling and barking inside the cart.

On arriving at the place where the cart was to stop, one of the officials said they could only have it restored to them if they went to the town hall and asked a card from the mayor. With that, and by paying a dollar, the dog would at once be given back to them.

On the way to the town hall they discovered they had not as much as a dollar in their purse. When they arrived there the policeman said it was too late. When they heard the news they began to cry again, until the policeman, on seeing their sorrow, took compassion and lent the required money and gave the card. They then went back to the dog-catcher's house, and after having given the money and the card they carried the dog home in triumph, where the whole tale was related and laughed over by the rest of the family.

THE WAVE.

BY KATHRYN LEWIS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

I AM the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the grime
Of the muddy banks of Time.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY CARL PHILIPPI (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

LAST winter, when the snow and ice covered the ground and it was frozen hard, a favorite cat died in the household of Mr. R——, a suburban resident of New York City. There was no possibility of burying the animal in the hard ground. So Mrs. R—— put the cat in a neat little package and gave it to her husband to throw in the Hudson River as he crossed on his way to New York. Mr. R—— absent-mindedly forgot to throw the cat overboard, and reached the office with the parcel in his hand.

He decided to keep the package until evening and to dispose of it on the way home. On his return home, he met several of his friends on the ferry and became interested in their conversation. Before he knew it, he was on the train with the parcel still in his possession.

Mr. R——, being a very particular man, decided to take it home again and try over the next day.

He placed the parcel in the receiver overhead. Soon he reached his destination and started to leave the train. Just as he was stepping off the train he remembered his bundle, and had barely enough time to get it.

He soon reached home and told his wife what had happened. She looked at the bundle and said:

"Why, that is not the one I gave you this morning!"

She took it into the kitchen to examine more closely, and, to her great surprise, found that the paper contained a fine roast beef.

Imagine the still greater surprise of the other man!

MY HOME BESIDE THE WAVES.

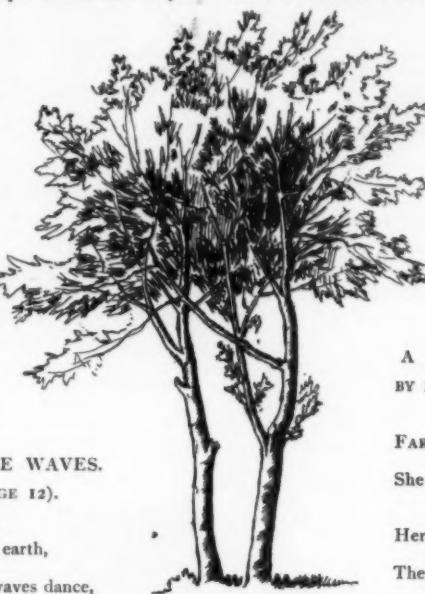
BY AILEEN HYLAND (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

I HAVE the sweetest home on earth,
Right here beside the sea;
Where I can watch the wild waves dance,
So restless and so free,
Of all the homes in this wide world,
None could so well suit me.

I love to watch the roaring waves
As they come tumbling in,
And catch the funny jellyfish,
So round and flat and thin;
I love to dig down in the sand,
And hunt for terrapin.

I see the gulls skim o'er the waves,
And fly up in the air;
Sandpipers run across the beach,
And leave small footprints there.
I hunt for shells and odd seaweeds,
Which sometimes are quite rare.



"A STUDY OF FOLIAGE." BY BEN ROTH, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

What fun the mermaids ought to have
Among those waves all day!
But when the sea is clothed in mist,
On land I'd rather stay;
For it is cold at eventide
Down in these depths so gray.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY PAUL VALLÉ, JR. (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE day (I was about six years old) I started out hunting nests. Very soon I spied a robin's nest up in a tree about fifteen feet from the ground. Not having any robin's nest, I decided to try and get this one. No sooner said than done. I was up the tree, and had almost reached the nest, when, horror of horrors! my foot slipped and down I fell. Instead of falling to the ground as I expected, the seat of my trousers caught hold of a branch, and there I hung like a scarecrow without being able to release myself. I yelled and screamed and kicked a lot, but nobody heard me. How long I stayed I did not know, but I do know that I had hardly any breath left in me when, luckily for me, the iceman made his appearance, and after quite a little trouble lifted me down and took me home.

My mother was waiting for me on the porch, and broke out laughing when she heard my story. She did not punish me as I deserved, but she told everybody about it, and by and by it got to the boys, who made a great deal of fun of me.

A TALE OF THE WAVES.

BY HAZEL L. RAYBOLD (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

FAR out in the wondrous ocean
great a little wavelet grew;
She lived on sky and sunshine
sweet and seaweed wet with
dew.
Her mother was a billow big, her
father was a swell;
They lived in high society, as any
fish could tell.
Their palace was the jeweled cave,
their maids the mermaids
green;

When they had other waves to dine it was a stirring
scene!
They fed their private fisheries with shells of every
shade,
And thus had shell-fish for each meal, and sponge-
cake, all home-made.
One day the wavelet, wand'ring, leaned upon a broad
sand-bar,
And with a pensive, tearful eye gazed on the sea
afar;
And then a watery smile smiled she, more sweet than
I could say.
For from the grand Sea View Hotel the bell-buoy
looked her way.



"A STUDY OF FOLIAGE." BY MARION H. TUTHILL AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

And now affairs sailed on: they found a charming cave to rent;
The cleanly little wavelet washed the rocks in cool content.
Alas! the bell-buoy fickle was: he turned first here, then there;
He craved for other conquests, and for old loves ceased to care.
He quoth: "I'm in deep water; 'time and tide wait for no man';
I'll leave her once, forever,—'t is the only way I can."
The wavelet on the sand-bar saw he looked her way no more:
His gaze was always fastened on a shalllop near the shore.
With grief the wavelet faded till she grew too thin for speech;
One day she ventured to the land, and died upon the beach.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY JUDITH S. RUSSELL (AGE 10).
(*Silver Badge.*)

In a lower East Side school, a teacher sent a boy out to see the time. She had just been giving a lesson about leaving off the "g's" at the end of words ending in "ing." When the boy came back she asked him what time it was.

The boy, instead of saying five minutes to three, said: "Teacher, in five minutes we're goin' home."
The teacher then said: "Johnny, where is your 'g'?"
Johnny promptly answered: "Gee, teacher, in five minutes we're goin' home."

Lost or damaged League badges will be replaced free of charge.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY JANET E. STEVENSON (AGE 10).

ONCE upon a time a farmer had a field with nice green grass in it; he had a fence around it made of logs to keep the pigs which he had on his farm out.

One day he found one of his pigs in the field. He could not imagine how it got in.

The next day he watched, and he happened to turn his head away, and when he looked the pig was not there.

Soon after he found that the pig got in one end of one of the logs, which was crooked and hollow, and crawled through and so got into the field.

He put the log in such a way that both ends came out at the same field, so if the pig went in one way it would come to the same field.

He watched, and soon the pig crawled in the log. When it came out the other end into the same field it could not understand what it meant. It looked around in the most disgusted way and walked off.

It never tried to enter the field in that way again.

NOTICE.

Members should be very careful of their prize badges, as these cannot be replaced. See that the pin is well fastened each time the badge is worn.

THE LAND BENEATH THE WAVES.

BY PHYLLIS SARGENT (AGE 11).
(*Silver Badge.*)

I LONG to see the land beneath the waves,
Where all the wonderful sea-people dwell,
Who live far down in lovely coral caves—
I look for them while angry billows swell;
I sit and watch where every wave has rolled,
To know the pathway to their ocean home;
Sometimes I think there is a gleam of gold—
But no, it is the seaweed in the foam.



"LEAST FLYCATCHER." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

I often dream at night of mermaids fair,
Who, when we all are sleeping, softly rise
And dance in circles 'mid the breakers there,
Until the sun appears in eastern skies.
When ships come in from waters deep and green,
With white sails flapping in the summer breeze,
I think of everything they must have seen
If they have viewed the land beneath the seas.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY EDITH M. ANDREWS (AGE 17).

ON Labor Day, 1904, I witnessed one of the funniest incidents I have ever seen.

It occurred in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, Canada, at the Queen's Royal Hotel. Labor Day was celebrated by holding gymkhana races in the afternoon. The last race of all was the "Animal Race." Young ladies each chose an animal; they started at one end of the tennis-courts and went to the other end; the animals from which they chose were pigs, geese, chickens, and rabbits. No dogs were allowed to enter this event.



"TURTLE." BY DONALD ARMOUR, AGE 18. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

After much confusion and laughter, the young ladies managed to get their charges in line, and they started off for the other end. People cheered, pigs squealed, geese squawked, chickens flew wildly about, and rabbits refused to move. Really, I don't think I ever laughed so much in my life before. To see the way the girls shoved the poor little birds and beasts to make them go was a sight never to be forgotten. Of course no one was allowed to pull an animal; one could only tap it with a twig and yell at it. Miss F— won, having driven a pig which grew so scared at all the noise that it dashed forward from time to time, until it reached the goal. I do not know what the prizes were, but I do know that they were very well earned.

THE LAND BEYOND THE WAVES.

BY MARGUERITE STUART (AGE 17).

BEYOND the waves that sometimes, deeply blue,
Come rippling toward the sands upon the beach,
And sometimes, gray, with foamy white-caps decked,
Defy and warn who comes within their reach,
There lies a sunny land, that seems to be
Enticing, siren-like, across the sea.

There lie wide, waving fields of golden grain;
There warbling brooks flow down the mountain-side;



"WILD TURKEYS." BY MILDRED ARMOUR, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

While nestling close among encircling hills
The homes of peace and happiness abide.
And all the ripples seem to sing to me:
"An ideal land lies yonder, o'er the sea."

There also lies a forest, still as death—
Except, indeed, the song of some stray bird
Or sighing of the wind among the pines,
There never sound of discord may be heard.
And this is what the white-caps tell to me:
"A land of perfect peace lies o'er the sea."

Oh, why is something unattainable
The thing our hearts seem always to require?
Why does the land that lies beyond the waves
Forever seem the height of our desire?
"The secret," said the laughing waves to me,
"Is as unfathomable as the sea."

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY MILDRED C. JONES (AGE 16).

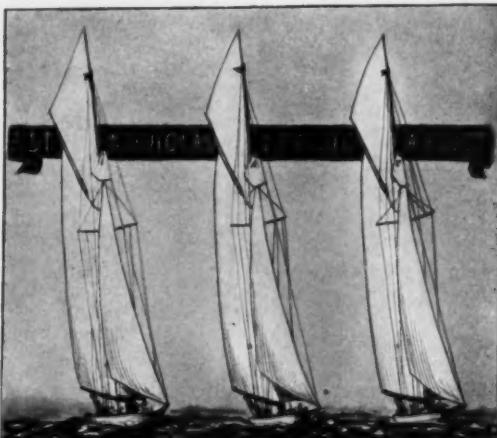
ONE morning, when my brother Almon was a little boy, we were preparing to go to a party. Almon was happy playing and thinking of the fine time in view, when mama told him he must go to the barber's first.

Now before mama had always cut his hair, and he strongly objected—indeed, was afraid to visit the shop where the scissors were used.

However, he at last decided to make a trial, and crossed the street with his mother; but one look in the window was enough, and he fled home in spite of his mother's warnings that he would have to stay home. She said he was too big a boy to have his mother cut his hair any longer, and if he was ever going to be a man, like papa, he'd better begin to go to the barber's. Almon at last surrendered to such reasoning, somewhat ashamed of himself, and this time was seated in the barber's chair; but at the first touch of the shears he jumped up terrified and raced for home. Mama declared she would have nothing more to do with him, and he might stay home if he wished. And a boy with a sad little face sat disconsolately in front of the barn door the rest of the morning.

Whenever he ventured to the house for comfort or to see whether his mother showed any signs of relenting or not, some one was sure to be talking about the party, and he sadly resumed his seat in the barn doorway.

After we had gone, auntie told Almon that if he would go to the barber's with her, she would take him to the party and also buy him a big bag of peanuts. The



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY R. E. ANDREWS, AGE 16.
(Honor Member.)

peanuts decided the day. Seated in the chair, with teeth clenched and hands tightly grasping auntie's purse, he had his first real hair-cut, which truly was n't so dreadful, after all, when one had the prospect of peanuts.

In the middle of the afternoon, whom should we spy coming up the road with auntie but Almon. He had a broad grin on his face; and when they reached the gate he proudly took off his cap to notify all present that he was ready for the party.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

BY ELEANORE MYERS (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

"AWAKE! awake, O world of sleep!
We call to thee as on we leap;
Behold! Aurora's blushes bright
Flood all the eastern sky with
light—
Come, join us as we speed along,
And hear our rippling laugh and
song."
Thus sing the waves when morning
breaks
And all the slumbering world awakes.

But when 't is noon they plaintive
call,
As on the beach they rise and fall:
"Oh, come with us, ye mortals, pray,
And to the ocean deep away.
Behold! as far as ye can see,
The blue sea stretches temptingly."

But lo, as twilight dims the day
And night inwraps the world in gray,
Still sing the wavelets from the shore,
But they entreat and call no more.
A voice arises from the deep—
It whispers: "O ye mortals, sleep!
Through all the dark and misty night
We watch the white stars twinkling
bright;
For they and we our watch must keep,
But ye, O mortals, rest and sleep!"



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST."
BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 17.
(Honor Member.)

A FUNNY, YET ALARMING INCIDENT.

BY MILDRED S. RIVES (AGE 11).

Two or three weeks ago I went to the Horse Fair, and there I saw a very funny thing, though it frightened me a good deal at the time. They had all sorts of performances; among them were cowboys racing and doing tricks. They had just let a steer into the ring, and all the cowboys tried to lasso him; but before they were able to catch him he dashed up the stairs that lead to the boxes, and, galloping into the musicians' stand, put them all to flight. The cowboys jumped off their horses and ran after the steer, and succeeded in capturing him just as he was nearing our box. Of course all the people scattered when they saw him come toward them.

I laughed till I cried when it was all over.

THE WAVES.

BY GRACE LESLIE JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

MISS NANCY WHITE went out, one day,
With shovel bright and bucket gay,
And sitting down, with graces grand,
She then proceeded, with the sand,
To build, as finely as could be,
A little castle by the sea.

The waves crept up about her feet—
Miss Nancy quickly changed her seat;
They rippled o'er the glistening sand—
She hastily withdrew her hand;

And when she rested in her play,
They swept the castle quite away!

Miss Nancy grasped her shovel bright,
And gazed upon the direful sight.
But she had learned a lesson then,
And now, in age and wisdom,
when
To architecture she 'll repair,
She builds her castles in the air.

(NOT) A HERO.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 17).

He would have been a hero
If he had just known how!
He practised on the chickens,
The roosters, and the cow.

He charged them in the meadow,
Upon his wooden steed;
But when the cow came toward him,
He climbed the fence with speed!

And when a bee came buzzing
Around his curly head,
Bethought himself of running;
And straightway homeward fled.

He left the creatures laughing:
The old cow chuckled, "Moo!"
The ruffled roosters answered
A "cock-a-doodle-doo!"

That evening, after supper,
Safe by his mother's knee,
He heard the farm-yard "laughter,"
And knew the cause of glee.

"I will not be a hero,
And talked of when I 'm dead!
I 'd rather just be Georgie
On mother's lap," he said.

THE FAIRY BALL.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON
(AGE 12).

LIGHTED by the firefly's glimmer
And the summer moon's pale
light,
By the mystic, winding river
There is revelry to-night.
Here, upon their reed-pipes play-
ing,
Are the tiny elfin band,
And upon a toadstool sitting
Is the king of fairyland.
Guests arrive in dainty barges
Made of water-lily leaves;
For their sails are spread the cob-
webs
That the garden-spider weaves.
Merrily the hours are speeding,
See the gallants' swords shine
bright,
While the ladies through their
arches
Gaily trip with footsteps light.
But along the east horizon
Shows the faintest tinge of dawn,
And without a sign of warning
All the fairy troop are gone.



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY ALICE GARLAND,
AGE 14. (HONOR MEMBER.)

A FUNNY INCIDENT.

BY HELEN PLATT (AGE 10).

AMONG the wedding guests, when my father and mother were married, was an old judge who was growing somewhat absent-minded and forgetful. After the ceremony was over the guests came up to congratulate the bride and groom.

The judge came up and shook hands with my mother. Then he turned to my father and said: "Beg pardon, what name, please?"

My father gave his name and concealed his amusement.

THE WAVES.

BY MARION MAIR (AGE 8).

The waves were rushing at my feet,
That beautiful August day,
As I sat alone on my benchlike seat,
And watched the sea-gulls play.

I watched the sea-gulls soar on high,
Above the foaming waves;
The waves were colored like the sky,
And roared inside the caves.

But some did dash upon the shore,
And washed the sand away,
Until my bench was safe no more,
And so I did not stay.

A SONG TO THE WAVES.

BY MAUD DUDLEY SHACKELFORD (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

BEAR me away on your breast, O Waves,
When the round of the day is done;
Carry me far in the golden west,
To the land of the sinking sun,

Where many a ship, with sails
afame
In the flush of the crimson
light,
Has crossed the line and passed
beyond,
In the mist of the ocean's night.

Pillow my head on your current
strong
When the moon comes up from
the sea—
A fairy ship in the darkened
sky,
It rises, a beacon to me,

When 't is the time that the salty
winds
With the laughing mermaids
play,
As gems they pluck for their yel-
low hair,
From the crest of the moonlit
spray.

Drift me afar on the restless
tide,

As the bunches of seaweed float
On the silver path that is left behind
In the wake of my fairy boat.

Out with the wings that the breezes lend,
Till the lights that burn on the strand
Shall fade from sight as I near the shores
Of the far-away sunset land.



"THE PLAYGROUND." BY WARREN ORDWAY, AGE 16. (HONOR MEMBER.)

WAVES.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

FROM somewhere out of the woods by the lane
An idle wind wanders and touches the wheat;
And where was but now a field of grain,
A shimmering sea ripples out at my feet,
Whose waves go eddying up the hill,
Stray over the field—now here, now there,
Then quicken, swayed by the mad wind's will,
Race on to the fence where two fields meet,
To break in a swirling of daisy-heads
And the tossing spray of bittersweet.

THE MAGIC TOOLS.

BY ARNOLD H. BATEMAN (AGE 11).

ONCE upon a time there lived a poor woman who, though she had many boys, had only one girl. She worked hard, but only earned enough to support herself and family in the poorest way. Her eldest son soon left her to search for "the Magic Tools." He had heard that any one who secured these would be famous the world over, for one would give him wisdom, one would grant any wish he might express, and a



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY ANNE DURVEA, AGE 10. (SILVER BADGE.)

The boy eagerly sprang up and looked round, but not a crack or hole did he see. At last the sunshine fell on a small hole. He ran to it, inserted the key, and—that was all; for he saw his quest, the Magic Tools.

He gazed at them at first with the greatest joy. Then came a shade of disappointment, for, instead of being bright gold set with diamonds, as he had imagined, they were of rusty iron.

He naturally reached out his hand, but he received such a sting that he drew it back hastily. Looking round, he observed a horn on which was inscribed:

"Blow a single blast on me,
And you shall soon your treasure see."

Seizing it, he blew a shrill blast. The tools remained the same. He seized them, but they vanished. Much disappointed, he went out of the mountain and home. He told his mother his adventures, and that he had decided to stay at home with her. He went to his room to put on his working-clothes; but as he laid his coat down there was a heavy thump. He put his hand in his pocket and drew out—the Magic Tools!

After getting them in his possession we will hope that he lived happy ever after.

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

BY ELSA FALK (AGE 16).

WHEN twilight, like a misty veil,
Drops softly over hill and dale,
When proud the silvery moon so fair
Mounts silently her throne of air,
When lost in dreams lie wood and lake,
'T is then the fairy folk awake!

From fairyland, the realm of dreams,
O'er bridges built of moonlight beams,
O'er paths upon the glassy lake,
Through darksome glen and tangled brake,
This fairy band from elfland go
With footsteps light as falling snow.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST."

BY ELISE R. RUSSELL, AGE 11.

third would point out to him the person whom he was to marry. These were kept in a certain mountain, and were guarded by a dragon so fierce that no one, however brave, dared face him. They were kept in a gold chest, and the key the dragon had swallowed, so that it was a very hard task to perform. The young man reached the mountain and procured the weapons with which he was to slay the dragon. He then reached the chamber, which was black as night, and, looking round, saw the eyes of the fiery dragon gleaming like torches.

At first sight of the dragon the young man trembled; but as he stood gazing at the eyes he lost all fear, and, creeping up softly, struck a blow with all his might and then sprang nimbly behind a rock, for the dragon was in his death-throes. The dragon seized the rock behind which he was hiding, and hurled it at the boy; but it, missing him, fell on the golden chest, and immediately he vanished. The room became as bright as day, and the lid of the golden chest, instead of being smashed, stood wide open. A smaller box inside was also open. In it there was a small silver key, and tied to it was a paper which said:

"Search for the keyhole along the wall,
Insert this key, and—that is all."



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY BERYL MARGETSON, AGE 6.

In spots by mortal eyes ne'er seen,
Where mosses grow like carpets green,
Among the ferns and violets blue,
And blossoms fair of every hue,
Where glow-worms golden, fireflies bright,
Diffuse their tender misty light,—

There trip the gay and merry band
An airy dance of fairyland,
And whirl so lightly round and round,
Their twinkling feet scarce touch the ground—
Till, when the flush of dawn is seen,
They flee in clouds of golden sheen.

A DREAM OF THE FAIRIES.

BY MARY CLARA TUCKER (AGE 15).

(*Honor Member.*)

I SAT beside a streamlet, flowing peacefully along;
And as it flowed the murmuring waters sang to me a
song.
Now gay it was, now plaintive, so it lulled me far away
To the pleasant land of
slumber where the little
fairies stay.

Then all those fairy creatures gathered round me
—so I dreamed;
And as I looked a countless, brilliant multitude it seemed,
As if five thousand rainbows and a thousand stars
of light
Had banded all together to
dispel the gloom of night.

And then I asked, "Why
do you never come our
world to see?"

Why is it that you always
dwell in realms of fan-
tasy?"

Then spoke the queen of
all the rest, "We come
to earth each day,
Though some know not
that we are there, and
some turn us away.

"The sympathy that leads you to relieve another's
woe,
The love you give to others in the journey here be-
low,
The hope that makes you meet the hardships, loyal,
strong, and true,
The faith that makes you happy e'en when sorrow comes
to you,—

"Lo! what are these but fairies? Oft they come to
you in vain!"
And if they are not welcomed they will never come
again."
Her voice became the rippling of the little woodland
stream,
When I awoke and realized that it was all a dream.

I think I learned a lesson on that lovely summer's day
As I sat there in the forest where the streamlet found
its way:

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The fairies come—if we but welcome them they'll ne'er
depart;
The pure and noble thoughts they are, enshrined within
the heart.

WHY THEY ARE CALLED PUSSY- WILLOWS.

BY HELEN EDSALL (AGE 11).

ONCE upon a time, when the world was very young,
there lived on the edge of a desert a great many little
pussy-cats.

Now, cats in those days could talk as well as we ourselves can. These cats used to boast a great deal about what they could do. When people passed by, the cats would all begin to tell what they could do, although they never did what they said.

At last the genie of the desert heard of this and made up his mind to punish them. So he came to them and said.

"What will you do?"



"A STUDY OF FOLIAGE." BY CLINTON BROWN, AGE 16.

(*Honor Member.*)

And then they each began to tell what they could do.

One said she could swim all day and she was n't afraid of water; another said that he was n't afraid of dogs; and still another said he could bark like a dog.

And one said one thing and another the other, until the genie commanded them to stop talking and do it.

But they did nothing at all. All they did was to say:

"Pussy-will-oh, pussy-will-oh!"

Then the genie got very angry and said:

"Well & pussy-willows!"

As soon as he said that they rolled themselves up until nothing but their backs were visible, and jumped into some bushes that were near, and remained that way to this very day.

And whenever the wind blows they brush against each other and you can hear them whisper:

"Puss-s-s-s-y-will-ow, puss-s-s-s-s-y-will-ow, puss-s-s-s,
puss-s-s-s!"



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY S. DAVIS OTIS, AGE 15. (SILVER-BADGE WINNER.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Louisa F. Spear
Margaret A. Brownlee
Emmeline Bradshaw
Alma E. Jones
Mary S. Coolidge
Caroline Millard Morton
Roscoe H. Vining
Emily Rose Burt
Clement R. Wood
Helen Leslie Follansbee
Teresa Cohen
Anna Evelyn Holman
Warren L. Irish
Robert E. Rogers
Ethel Louise Knight
Elizabeth A. Steer
Gabrielle Elliott
Susan Warren Wilbur
Dorothea Thompson
Claire Lawall
Lewis S. Combes

VERSE 2.

Abby Dunning
Ethel M. Dickson
Dorothy Baskay
Muriel Bush
Maude H. Brisse
Walter MacEwen
Dorothy Nicoll
Florence Short
Elizabeth H. Crittenton
Helen D. C. Clark
Natalie Wurts
Elizabeth Toof
Eleanor L. M. Eisenbrandt
Mary Elizabeth Mair
Jessie Freeman Foster
Elsie Reed Hayes
Gladys W. Jones
Helen L. Brainard
Ruth Greenoak
Olive Louise Jenkins
Marjory Macy
Dorothy Dickinson
Lucile D. Woodling
Cuthbert Vail Wright
Nannie Cooper
Lois M. Cunningham
Corinna Long
Rebecca L. Kuhl
Virginia Peirce
Frances Morrissey
Risapah Goff

PROSE 1.

Dorothy Cooke
Emma Bertha Mixson
Antoinette F. Rogers
Isabel Weaver
Lael Mana Carlcock
Ruth E. Wilson
Dorothy Schmidt
Edmund P. Shaw

PROSE 2.

J. P. Ackerman
Eland G. Hendricks
Marguerite Weed
Corinne Bowers
Ruth Henghes
Bertha Torchiani
Lida S. McCague
Katharine J. Bailey
Leonora Ross
Rose L. Goldbaum
Gladys A. Moch
Katharine Rutan Neumann
Gladys Taylor
Marie Armstrong
Katharine Jeriatha Synow
William F. Deyer
Helen Newby
Elsie Alexander
Frances P. Gordon
Katharine E. Pratt
Frances Paine
Walter Burton Nourse

Margaret Kyle
Mary Pemberton Nourse
Stuart Marsden
Winifred Brown
Morris Gilbert Bishop
Marguerite Hunt
Louis De Forest
Elizabeth Marvin
Kathryn L. Glidden
Helen Schvenck
Henry Van Pelt
Mariam C. Cooper
Charlotte St. George Nourse
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Marie A. Pierson
Elmer Beller

DRAWINGS 1.

Vera Demens
Jacky Hayne
Ella Elizabeth Preston
Emily W. Brown
Vieve Fisher
Robert Edmand Jones
Talbot F. Hamlin
Margery Bradshaw
Shirley Alice Willis
Laura Schnaenendorf
Sarah Lippincott
Lylie May Frink
Maude H. Aldrich
Albert Hart
John R. Smith

DRAWINGS 2.

Helen Reading
Mary Ellen Willard
Elmira Keene
Roy Chapman
Grace Wardwell
Carl B. Timberlake
Raymond Rohn
Helen H. Stafford
Eleanor K. Page
Edith Angeline Huff
Ellen Adair Orton
Sue Melanie Justice
Maude G. Barton
Estelle M. Crosby
Ruth Cutler
Anna Linker
Ethel Maltar
Martha S. Stringham
Hester Margetson
Anna A. Flichtner
Robert F. Schulkers
Lucy Oliver Beck
Mary A. Woods
Joseph Burchfield
Alice Humphrey
Margaret Duryea
Mary Falconer

Margaret Jaques
Harriett Dayton
Helen May Baker
Louise Converse
Earl H. Cranston
Louis P. Hastings
George C. Squires
Anna K. Cook
Mary Carr
Estella Johnson

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Samuel Dowse Robbins
Thomas Turnbull, 3d
Miriam H. Tanberg
Alice L. Cousens
Catherine Evans
Caroline Dudy
Kate Sprague
Lucile Morgan
Edna Lewinson
Rachel Arnold
A. Winfield Fairchild, Jr.
Alice Nielsen
Gerald Thorp
Harriette Gowen
Marion L. Bradley
Mary R. Paul
Lucy T. Dawson
Lucien Carr, 3d

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Dorothy V. Gresham
Olive Mudie-Cooke
Sarah Perkins Madell
Marguerite Strathy
Priscilla Ordway
Florence R. T. Smith
Margaret Griffith
Morris Luxenberg
Susan J. Appleton
G. Huntington Williams,
Jr.
Ernest L. Weaver
Joel E. Fisher, Jr.
H. Ernest Bell
Charlotte Eaton
Rutherford H. Platt, Jr.
Edwin H. Higgins
Lewis Holbrook
Rober Zolomon
Dorothy Hanvey
Alfred S. Niles, Jr.
Elinor L. P. Lyon

PUZZLES 1.

Lois Macgawcock Williams
Margaret B. Wood
Ralph Holland
W. Wallace Alward
Isabel Caley
Ethel J. North
Katherine Byrer
Charlotte Gilder
Helen D. Long
Edward Estlin Cummings
Alice Cotton
Constance How
Wilson J. Brown
Katherine MacBride
Helen Townsend
Ione Casey
L. Berkeley Cox
Mary Klauder
Benjamin Cohen

PUZZLES 2.

Elizabeth Beale
Henry W. Ruhl
Robert W. Wood

TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. Its aims are recreation, intellectual improvement, and the protection of the oppressed, whether human beings or dumb animals. Gold, silver, and cash prizes are awarded for meritorious achievement. The membership is free, and a badge and full instructions will be sent on application.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 827. "Merry Five." Beulah E. Amidore, Secretary; five members. Address, Fargo, N. Dak.
 No. 828. "Conecoco League Club." Sybil B. Basford, Secretary; four members. Address, 192 N. Main St., Chambersburg, Pa.

No. 829. "Sunbeam." Lenore Kester, President; Annette Howell, Secretary; seven members. Address, Box 34, Hillsboro, Ill.

No. 830. "Fleur del Mar." Mabel Tenney, President; Grace Flanagan, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Ventura, Cal.

No. 831. Alice Precourt, Secretary; ten members. Address, 15 Walnut St., Manchester, N. H.

LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A GOOD many of our contributors were late this month. They will wonder why their work receives no mention, forgetting that a magazine, like a train, has a schedule and can't wait for belated passengers.

By an error, Emmeline Bradshaw was put down as an "Honor Member" in the May issue. It is Margery Bradshaw who is the gold-badge winner; but if we may prophesy from the poem mentioned, it will not be many months before Miss Emmeline will wear equal honors.

The following named Leaguers would like to exchange souvenir postal cards: Marjorie Scarlett, 47 Johnson Ave., Newark, N. J.; Lillian Muncaster, 42½ Bull St., Charleston, S. C.; Vivian Dewey, 417 Market St., Kenosha, Wis.; and Evelyn Corse, 1370 Spruce Place, Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: To-day's mail carries you two contributions from my little family, and there are others being prepared by Mary and Sophronia. I want to thank you for the pleasure you give my little ones. Their grandmother and auntie gave the St. NICHOLAS to Mary and Sophronia last year, and Mr. Cooper and I were so pleased with the influence it had upon them that we would not, for anything scarcely, have failed to renew the subscription; but we, as well as the children, were delighted to receive the certificate that mama and my sister had sent to Sophronia, Julia, and Elliott, thinking Mary, who is 13 years old, had perhaps outgrown the St. NICHOLAS. But they were never more mistaken; and she reads every line in it, and is also preparing a very pretty heading for April. Still, she is willing for it to come in the other children's names, as it gives them so much pleasure. The older children have been very busy lately with their school examinations; but they are over-to-day, so they will again turn their attention to St. NICHOLAS. Nina Cooper, who is only 5 years old, came to me the other day with an envelop filled with papers, which she asked me to send to St. NICHOLAS. I took them out to examine them, and she had flowers on some sheets, birds, cats, dogs, and all sorts of things on other sheets of paper. I selected the one which I mailed to you today as the most appropriate for April. Sophronia's gold badge is successive to them all, and Mr. Cooper and I thank you so much for giving it to her. She wears it constantly, and is as proud of it as the first day she received it. Again thanking you,

Very respectfully,
 MRS. H. G. COOPER.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I cannot tell you how glad I was when I knew that I had really won a silver badge. I want to thank you for it, and to tell you how much it has encouraged me.

It is very pretty, but I like it still more because it reminds me of a great many disappointments and then a very pleasant surprise.

After comparing my own poems with those of other members of the League, I used to (and still do) become very disappointed with my own work. But I mean to keep on trying just the same.

Thanking you again for my beautiful badge, I am, Your loving reader,
 JESSIE FREEMAN FOSTER.

Appreciative and interesting letters have been received from L. J. Nussbaumer, Beulah E. Amidon, Richard S. Bull, Mabel Tenney,

Mary B. Ellis, George Ashley Long, Jr., Mary Grumbrecht, Richard A. Reddy, Helen E. McIvor, Mason Garfield, Leonora Ross, Katherine A. Robertson, Lucien Carr, 3d, Agnes L. Pease, Helen D. Perry, Cecily Whitworth, Edmonia M. Adams, and Charlotte Waugh.

PRIZE COMPETITION
No. 71.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 71 will close August 20 (for foreign members August 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Thanksgiving."

Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "A Rescue."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Camp Life."

Drawing. Indian ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Falls" (from life) and a Heading or Tailpiece for November.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

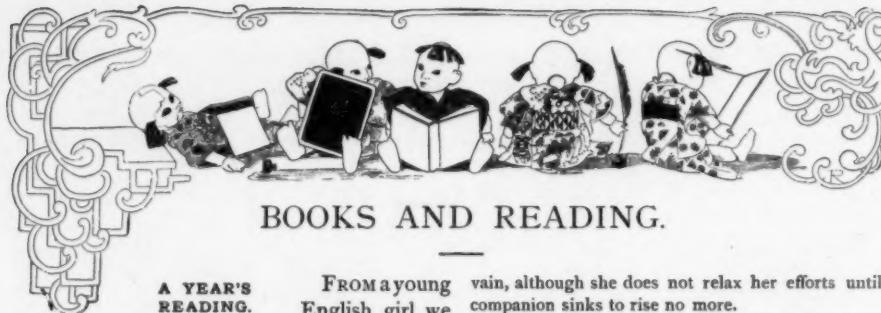
ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:



"GOOD-BY TO THE LEAGUE."
 BY JESSIE C. SHAW, AGE 17.

The St. Nicholas League,
 Union Square,
 New York.



BOOKS AND READING.

A YEAR'S READING.

have a list of the chief books she read in one year—a list that strikes us as decidedly unusual. It includes "Sartor Resartus"; "A Girl's Ride in Iceland," by Mrs. Tweedie; Lord Roberts's "Forty-one Years in India"; "Where Three Empires Meet" and "Madagascar in War Times," by E. F. Knight; Sir Theodore Martin's translation of Horace; "Fights for the Flag," by the Rev. W. Fitchett; Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust" and "Crown of Wild Olive"; Homer's "Odyssey" (Lang's translation); Herbert Spencer's "Education"; and several others. This is only about half of the books she read in a single year or less. We should like the opinion of our readers upon the list. It seems to us that of such substantial fare she has partaken of more than can be readily assimilated.

CHILDREN'S CORNERS. WHENEVER you go into a large public library, a publisher's office, or a bookstore, it would be well for you to inquire whether there is not a special corner or alcove set apart for young readers. There are now so many books published exclusively for children that it is becoming usual to group them for the convenience of the readers for whom they are especially intended.

AN EXCELLENT LITTLE ESSAY. FROM Scotland there has come to this department a charming little paper telling of some of the tributes to dogs from the poets. We take great pleasure in printing it for our readers:

IN PRAISE OF DOGS.

BY ALINE JEAN MACDONALD.

MANY great authors and poets have written about dogs. Take Wordsworth, for instance. He has a poem called "Characteristics of a Favorite Dog." This dog, Dart, while hunting a hare, tries to cross a river, only thinly coated with ice, which breaks under his weight. Little Music, his dog friend, tries to rescue him, but in

FROM a young English girl we

vain, although she does not relax her efforts until her companion sinks to rise no more.

Wordsworth has also a poem called "Tribute: To the Same Dog." He writes an epitaph, showing how deep is his regret over the death of his favorite.

Many people know his beautiful poem "Fidelity," telling how a shepherd finds a dog keeping guard over his master, who had fallen from a precipice and was now a lifeless skeleton.

Mrs. Browning has also something to say in praise of dogs. Every one should read her beautiful poem called "To Flush, my Dog." Her tender verses describe so eloquently the dear little dog, and show how much she loved him.

One of the most lovely poems in the language is Matthew Arnold's "Geist's Grave." I think the following verse is quite perfect:

And not the infinite resource
Of Nature, with her countless sum
Of figures; with her fulness vast
Of new creation, evermore,
Can ever quite repeat the past,
Or just thy little self restore.

All the verses are exquisite; they could not be too much praised.

Shakspere has, as far as I can see, nothing to say in praise of dogs; for, when he does speak of them, it is always slightly. I think you will agree with me that the dog is next to man in intelligence; and, indeed, many men would do well to copy some of the noble and heroic qualities of the dog.

A NEW EDITION OF MISS ALCOTT'S WORKS. READERS of Miss Alcott's

works who are old enough to remember when the books came out, can hardly have forgotten the very crude illustrations of the first edition.

For many years the stories lacked proper illustration, but recently there has been published a beautiful new edition,—which is not yet completed,—the illustrations of which leave nothing to be desired. Lovers of Miss Alcott's stories are advised by all means to see this eminently satisfactory edition.

COLERIDGE'S COMPARISON. So great has been the affection of readers for the books that have given them delight, that litera-

ture is full of proofs of gratitude toward noble books. There have been countless comparisons and metaphors used to make clear the relation between the book and the reader. Perhaps the most original was hit upon by Coleridge, who compares an excellent book to a well-chosen and well-tended fruit-tree. He says, "We may recur to it year after year, and it will supply the same nourishment and the same gratification, if only we ourselves return to it with the same healthful appetite."

But, though his simile pleases the fancy, it does not quite satisfy the judgment. While the fruit of a tree must yield much the same flavor always, the gratification we experience from reading must always differ according to the condition of mind of him who reads. It has been said that a traveler can bring home only what he takes with him: which means that the pleasure derived from traveling is entirely dependent upon the capacity of the traveler's mind. One's taste may change, and one's ability to understand and appreciate is constantly changing.

DID SHE DREAM IT? Who can help a puzzled young correspondent from Ohio? She read some time ago a story which, according to her remembrance, was about some region in the mountains of Kentucky. A rich man, finding he owned an estate there, sent a young lawyer to make inquiry. The lawyer found a farmer occupying the estate and set about to reclaim it. The Kentuckians did their best to get rid of the young man, who was aided by the daughter of the farmer because the lawyer had been kind to a favorite dog of hers. Our young correspondent cannot recall any more of the story, nor can she remember its title. She says her family call it "the book she dreamed." Can any of our well-read friends assist her?

CHINA AND AMERICA. To one who considers the history of the present day, as certainly many of our readers must do, since it is becoming very common to keep pupils informed upon current events, it is evident that when the present generation of young Americans shall grow up, they will have more or less to do with the opposite side of the world. It is not so very long ago that both China and Japan were regarded as regions of mystery. To-day, the old travel-sketches, filled with ac-

counts of oddities and strange observations, have been replaced by books of travel giving close and minute accounts of the daily life in these two old empires. Kirk Munroe, a favorite author with boys fond of wholesome and stirring stories, not long ago resolved to lay the scene of a boy's story in China, and made, a journey to that land that he might truthfully picture the surroundings of the events described. The story, "The Blue Dragon," deals with the experiences of a Chinese boy in America, and then with those of an American boy in China, thus contrasting the two lands and their treatment of strangers. Besides being an adventurous and thrilling story, this book will acquaint young Americans thoroughly with the conditions of life among the Celestials.

A YOUNG MUSICIAN. WE have often invited readers of this department to apply for information in regard to their reading, and now we have a young musician who begs for a list of some good books about the lives of great musicians, and also books that tell the stories of the greater operas. She is fourteen years old, but says that she prefers books that will be interesting to her all her life if she goes on studying music. Will not some other lovers of music come to her aid?

THREE NEW BOOKS. THOSE who are seeking novelties in fairyland should by no means omit to read a "Japanese Fairy Book," by Yei Theodora Ozaki. Everything about the volume is Japanese, even the illustrations; so one may be sure of getting an entirely new atmosphere. To accompany this in a companionship of strangeness, we may name Dr. Eastman's "Red Hunters and the Animal People." Our readers will remember that Dr. Eastman is an educated Sioux Indian who wrote for ST. NICHOLAS his remembrances of his childhood. This new book is made up of animal stories and accounts of the Indian hunters, and should be well worth reading.

Young readers who may be interested in the marvels of modern science will find great delight in Russell Doubleday's "Stories of Inventors," a pleasing discussion of wireless telegraphy, the recent improvements in telephoning, the wonderful biograph, and other up-to-date triumphs of mechanical ingenuity.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

BY an oversight, three drawings showing a toy water-wheel in operation (printed on page 716 of our June number) were credited to Mr. Joseph Adams. They were really the work of the well-known artist Mr. Dan Beard.

We take pleasure in stating, too, that Mr. Beard is the originator of the tree-huts or tree-houses now so popular with boys. Mr. Adams's article upon this sub-

ject, in the July number, showed the models of a few easily constructed habitations of this sort, and we have received from our boy readers several photographs of tree-houses made by themselves. One such picture, indeed, is published in the July Letter-Box.

To Mr. Beard, however, belongs the credit of being the first to devise and publish the plans for practicable tree-huts for boys' use during the summer.

THE LETTER-BOX.

UNDERHILL, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eleven years old. I do not subscribe for you, but my mama buys you for me every month.

I like you very much.

I have a parrot named "Plato" and a little fox-terrier named "Beauty." I also have a piano and am taking lessons on it.

I like all the stories in ST. NICHOLAS very much. My mama took you for a good many years.

With all good wishes for your future, I am,

Sincerely yours,
ALMA HOPE SCRIBNER.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old. I live in the State of Washington, near Tacoma. Now I am in Germantown, Pa., at the Institution for the Deaf. I am learning to talk, write, and read. I like ST. NICHOLAS. I try to find out the enigmas. I have found out several. My aunty helps me. I like them. I did not see any rabbits in Washington. I have seen many here. My papa has seen many bears in Washington. I have seen many deer. I have one pony. Her name is "Polly." Some day I will go back to Washington and ride my pony.

Yours very truly,

JAMES MORRIS LOWELL.

SPRINGFIELD, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the country, a small town in New Hampshire. I go snow-shoeing and skeeing, also sliding; we have lots of snow.

A friend sent ST. NICHOLAS to me for a year, and I cannot tell you how very much I am enjoying it.

I am getting a collection of souvenir postal cards. We have several pretty views of places in town.

Your friend,

BESSIE I. GARDNER (age 13).

PAPEETE, TAIIITI.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother and I have taken you for a long time, and we like you very much. The steamer only comes here every five weeks, and I watch for the ST. NICHOLAS.

I live in Tahiti, in the South Seas, on a big sugar-plantation. There are lots of cocoanut, banana, bread-fruit, maumie-apple or papaw, burau, guava, feis, pandanus, bamboo, and mango trees on our place.

The natives are big and strong. The men wear a paue, or colored cloth, around their waist. They live on feis, bananas, miti or cocoanut-sauce, and fish.

In the middle of the island, between two high mountains, there is a smaller mountain, shaped just like a crown, which is called "the Diadem."

My brother brought his Indian pony from San Francisco, and she did not get seasick at all; but papa's riding-horse died on the way down.

We have plenty of rain in December and January—it is our summer then.

Your devoted reader,
RONALD S. ROBINSON (age 9).

DEER PARK, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sister got you as a Christmas present in 1903. She enjoys you very much, and so do I.

I am nine years old, and am in the fourth grade. I hope I will be in the fifth grade next year. My sister is in the eighth grade.

She is fourteen years old. My father is a minister.

We have two cats and a horse. I used to have a dog, but he was shot. The cats are both Maltese. One cat weighs twelve pounds, and the other five. They are very good friends. The larger cat will give up anything and let the other cat have it.

Yours truly,
GERTRUDE JACOBSEN (age 9).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. I used to take "Little Folks." It is a nice book, but not as nice as you. I used to take "Four-footed Friends," too, a book published by the Animal Rescue League. I like the story of "Queen Zixi of Ix." You were very kind to send us November and December, so we could begin the story.

From your reader,
ROBERTS BANCROFT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have not written to you before, so I thought I would write this month. I was perfectly delighted to find that my puzzle had got in, as it was the first thing I sent to the League, and I did not expect to have it in so soon.

I have taken the ST. NICHOLAS as long as I can remember, and have always looked forward with great pleasure to the first of each month.

New Year's number was most interesting. I always start at the first page, and it seems that each page you read is more interesting, and I always read from cover to cover.

I am your affectionate reader,
JUANITA READ HARMAR (age 11).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

CHARADE. Inn-dee-pen-dents, independence.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. Longfellow. 1. So-lar. 2. Fl-o-at. 3. Ag-o-es. 4. Fa-g-in. 5. Lo-fis. 6. Sp-e-ar. 7. Ti-l-ed. 8. Wi-ly. 9. Sh-o-out. 10. Bo-w-er.

MULTIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Hans C. Andersen, ST. NICHOLAS, Queen Zixi of Iz.

PATRIOTIC NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "A star for every state and a state for every star."

NOVEL DIAGONAL. From 1 to 15, Independence Day. Cross-words: 1. Identify. 2. National. 3. Defender. 4. Eminence. 5. Precide. 6. Enable. 7. Negation. 8. Disperse.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Vacation. 1. Ri-v-er. 2.

To our PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Daniel Milton Miller — Ruth H. Caldwell — Alice Patterson — Caroline Ray Servin — St. Gabriel's Chapter — "Kategian" — Letitia Viele — "Duluth" — Samuel Simses Richards, Jr. — Eva Garner — Frieda Rabinowitz — Laura Florence Lacy — Eugenie A. Steiner — Katharine King — "Chuck" — Elizabeth Palmer Loper — Helen G. Johnson — W. Carter Halbert — Edmund Willis Whited — Grace Haren — Frederick B. Dart — John B. Hollister — "Alli and Adi" — Ellen J. and Rose May Sands — Harriet Bingaman — Helen L. Patch — Elizabeth Delo — Mildred D. Venawine — Jo and I — Mary E. Seeds — Paul R. Deschere — Mary Elizabeth Askew — C. Anthony — Mina Louise Winslow — Helen Hamilton Stroud — Benjamin L. Miller — Margaret Greenshields — Florence DuBois — Buford Brice — "The Spencers" — Leah L. Stock — Helen Hoag — Elsie Nathan — Eleanor Wyman — Mary McCune — Dorothy B. Usher — Florence G. Mackey — Marian Swift — Helen Jelliffe — Marjorie Mullins — Wm. H. Bartlett — Eleanor Underwood — Nessie and Freddie — Julian A. Fleming — Esther, Clare, and Jean — Elizabeth D. Lord — Florence R. Elwell — Catherine Hooper — Clements Wheat — Lilian S. Burt — Prue K. Jamieson — Louis Stix Weiss — Margaret H. Kellogg — Ruth H. Darden — Jeannie R. Sampson — Andrée Mante — Marguerite Jervis.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from D. Gilpin, 1—C. Hackstaff, 1—R. Bennett, 1—K. E. and G. L. Wheeler, 1—E. Read, 1—A. S. Ward, 1—A. Macalester, 2—W. Ripley Nelson, 1—K. Comstock, 1—G. H. Moore, 1—R. Alexander, 1—J. C. Haddock, Jr., 1—H. R. Crouch, 1—M. Weyand, 1—Penelope B. Noyes, 4—G. H. Morse, 1—James F. Martin, 3—K. L. Munros, 1—E. Crampont, 1—Dorcas Perkins, 1—R. W. Moore, 1—C. E. Montgomery, 1—A. H. Chapin, 1—Jack and Jill, 6—Marjorie Skelding, 3—Thomas W. Trembath, 3—L. S. Clapp, 1—H. L. K. Porter, 1—A. Wight, 1—E. M. Warden, 1—S. H. J., 6—B. Carlton, 2—P. Briggs, 1—Bryant Hervey, 2—Muriel von Tunzelmann, 6—Agnes M. Holmes, 1—Edward Fox, 1—J. E. Swain, 1—Grace Parmele, 2—R. B. Pritchard, 5—May W. Ball, 6—Leila H. Dunkin, 6—M. and T. M. Douglas, 3—H. Kraay, 1—R. Smith, 1—C. McNutt, 1.

CHARADE.

COME, my second, in my first;
Here my puzzle is rehearsed.
Though my whole is small indeed,
It must serve my every need.

ANNA M. PRATT.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail certain wind-instruments, rearrange the four remaining letters, and make the little stint of India.

2. Doubly behead and curtail expressing derision, rearrange, and make the goddess of the rainbow.

3. Doubly behead and curtail to grow together, rearrange, and make to fasten with wax.

4. Doubly behead and curtail supple, rearrange, and make a wild Alpine goat.

5. Doubly behead and curtail one of the cases of the noun in Latin, rearrange, and make part of a squirrel.

6. Doubly behead and curtail the French word for pavement, and leave a German masculine name.

7. Doubly behead and curtail winds and turns, rearrange, and make a feminine name.

8. Doubly behead and curtail messengers, rearrange, and make a narrow opening.

9. Doubly behead and curtail magnificent, rearrange, and make one who goes.

10. Doubly behead and curtail a brief, rearrange, and make crafts.

When the ten words of four letters each have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zig-zag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a great Greek sculptor.

RUSSELL S. REYNOLDS.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. To slope. 2. Farther down. 3. Conscious. 4. Courage. 5. Large vegetable growths.

DAVID W. COLPITTS, JR. (League Member).

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"WE HAVE LOST A BEAUTIFUL CLOAK IN THE LILAC GROVE,"
SAID QUEEN ZIXI TO THE SHEPHERD."